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VOLUME LXII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1893. NUMBER 1.

Poetry.

WINTER SONG.

Sing me a song of the dreadful world,
Of the great frost deep and still,
Of the sword of fire the wind hurled
On the iron hill.

Sing me a song of the driving snow,
Of the rexing cloud and the smoky drift,
Where the sheeted whaiths like ghosts go
Through the gloomy rift.

Sing me a song of the ringing blade,
Of the snarl and shatter the blight ice makes,
Of the whoop and the swing of the snow-shoe raid
Through the cedar brakes.

Sing me a song of the apple loft,
Of the corn and the nuts and the mound of meal,
Of the sweening whir of the spindle soft,
And the spinning wheel.

Sing me a song of the open page,
Where the ruddy gleams of the firelight dance,
Where bends my love Armitage,
Reading an old romance.

Sing me a song of the still nights,
Of the large stars steady and high,
The aurora darting its phosphor lights
In the purple sky.
—Scribner's Magazine.

BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY.

Tom's uncle by his will
Left Tom in greatest glory;
There was a codicil—
"But that's another story."

Phil wooed a fair one, Kate,
She met him con amore.
The damages were great—
"But that's another story."

Hugh's rent (for an address)
Was far wide in ore.
His suite now costs him less—
"But that's another story."

One Joseph was enrolled—
Though now a sort of Tory—
A Williamite of old—
"But that's another story."

Some maids would make it known
They'll wait till locks are hoary,
But wed for love alone—
"But that's another story."
—London Punch.

THE FIFTY-NINERS.

Some time far back in ages past, long centuries ago,
Old Pluto's fires so fiercely burned in rocky depths below,
That the world of coal formation and lakes of kerosene,
Combined with all the gases in nature's magazine,
Produced one grand explosion that piled the mountains high,
And shattered Pluto's treasure vaults, and raised them high and dry.
The shining gold he'd stored away, and locked in rocky bands
Was scattered wide in fissures vast, 'mid worthless rocks and sands.
'Twas then Pike's Peak exalted high his melancholy crest,
That lured the Fifty-Niners to the dim and distant West;
On every side, and at its base, their fruitless works abound;
Still on the mesa's distant plain their unmarked graves are found.
But though they failed to strike the drift where Pluto's gold appears,
A monument one day we'll raise to those bold pioneers;
A shaft of gold from Cripple Creek, this monument shall rise,
That adverse laws in silver's cause shall ne'er demonetize.
—J. W. A. in N. Y. Sun.

Cripple Creek, November, 1893.

Miscellany.

WHEN SCOT MET SCOT.

She of Argyll Confronted by a Graham of Claverhouse.

From Chicago comes a delightful little tale of Greek meeting Greek says the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. In the closing days of the Exposition a weary woman came into the parlors of the British exhibit, and sitting down upon a handsome sofa, first rested against the cushions, then turned and put her feet up to secure a recumbent posture.

Noticing this, a Scotchwoman, who was in charge of the exhibit, approached and objected.

"But I am tired," said the other woman, "and I wish to rest."

"It is, however, against the rules," replied the manager, "that these couches should be used to lie upon; I will bring you more cushions, and make you as comfortable as possible, but you cannot lie down here."

"Why, I am from England. This place is created just for us, and why shouldn't we be comfortable?"

"I can't argue that with you, I am here to enforce the rules, and must obey my instructions."

The other woman continued to protest, growing more offensive as she was met with continued firm, though civil resistance, and at last she played what she considered her trump card.

"Madam," she exclaimed, drawing herself up, "it is time that I let you know who I am; I am a second cousin of the Duke of Argyll."

The Scotchwoman's eyes gleamed. "That settles it," she replied instantly and decisively. "I am a Graham of Claverhouse, and between your family and mine is a feud of 500 years' standing. No Argyll trespasses here while a Graham is in charge."

And no Argyll did.

A Peaceful Arrest.

A traveller in Iceland illustrates in "The Million," the simplicity of the people by the following anecdote:

"A young Icelandic friend, going across the desert from Reykjavik to Akuyera, met a man riding on a pony. Such meetings are rare in those parts, and, like ships on the sea, the two hailed and spoke. And this was the manner and substance of their conversation:

"'What's your name?'

"'Stefan.'

"'Whose son?'

"'Thornsteinsson.'

"'Where are you going to?'

"'To prison.'

"'What for?'

"'Stealing a sheep.'

"'No one taking you?'

"'No, the sheriff was busy, so he gave me papers (the warrant for his arrest) and sent me on to prison by myself.'

"The men exchanged snuff and a kiss and parted. A week later the young Icelander was returning to Reykjavik, and near the same spot he met the same man.

"'What!' he cried, 'Stefan Thornsteinsson! Why, you said you were going to prison.'

"'So I was and I went, but they would not let me in.'

"'Why not?'

"'Because I had lost my papers and the sheriff said he could not take me without a warrant.'

"'So they won't have you in prison?'

"'No.'

"'And you are going home again?'

"'Yes.'

Just to His Taste.

Jones (to saloon keeper)—How do you find business in our thriving little village?

Saloon keeper—Bully. This is the kind of town I like—more loafers in it than any other town in America.—Truth.

The East Side Hero.

"Who was dis Robinson Crusoe, anyway?"

"Oh, he was a duck w'at spent ever so many years on de Island, an' got a book wrote about him!"—Puck.

Couldn't See His Grasses.

"This little thing, Jimmie," said Jimmie's father, "is a grasshopper. See these legs? Those are his hoppers."

"I see," said Jimmie. "Where are his grasses?"—Harper's Bazar.

THE CHRISTMAS STEREOPTICON ENTERTAINMENT.

1.—Prof. Pointer: Ladies and Gentlemen:—Our next picture will be an optical delusion. While the organist plays softly, lava will appear to flow from Vesuvius. Do not be frightened; the noise is purely artificial.

2.—And just then the gas tank exploded behind the scene.

EARNINGS OF MARRIED WOMEN.

They Sometimes Cut Quite a Figure in the Domestic Menage.

A married woman is not usually supposed to contribute directly to the family purse, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, her time and strength being sufficiently taxed when she keeps house, manages children and servants and administers carefully the domestic affairs which lie within her province. That the husband shall provide the means and the wife attend to their outlay, saving and economizing as thriftily as she can, is the ordinary arrangement sanctioned by custom and agreeable to our idea of justness and a fair division of labor. It is now quite usual, however, for married women to supplement the income of the family by the exercise of some gift or accomplishment. They write, or teach, or lecture, or paint pictures; they embroider, or make pickles and preserves. With a delightful feeling of independence and the most generous and tender unselfishness, wives who earn money by some effort of this kind spend it for family uses. It goes to pay school bills and purchase shoes. Wherever there is a deficiency the supplementary earnings of the wife fit in so easily and in so timely a manner that both husband and wife count on this added income as if it were in the anticipated order of things. Often a style of living rather more expensive than would be practicable on the husband's salary or on the profits from his business is adopted because of the wife's earnings; a larger rent is undertaken or the living of the family is on a broader scale. It is not usual for a wife to hoard or invest her earnings separately; they go into the common purse, and are spent either for luxuries or for the benefit of the children. "When Will gets into a tight place," was the remark made by a woman who wields a ready pen, "I sit down and write two or three stories to help him out."

Shakespearean Story by Ingersoll.

Ingersoll, a naturally gifted actor, tells inimitably the following Shakespearean story, which surely must lose much on paper: A tough variety manager determined once to electrify his peculiar audience by introducing the heavy legitimate, beginning with "Hamlet," modernized by himself, and presenting a grand assortment of "song and dance," with a variety, "olio" of stupendous magnitude in the well-known "player scene" in the third act.

The part of the Player King is a small one, and may be filled by any awkward amateur if reasonably careful, and so at rehearsal, which was "personally conducted" by the manager with all his fiendish ingenuity, when the Player King—a big, fat fellow—shuffled bashfully on and began in a sing-song, schoolboy, monotonous tone: "Full thirty times has Phoebus' cart gone round——"

"Naw! Rats! Wot you givin' us? Run away, young feller, and chase yourself round de block. A clam cart couldn't git round dat way. Dis is a variety show; dis ain't no gospel rink. Give us variety, see?"

And, sure enough, he did.

When night came the Player King, thoroughly living up to his opportunities, came on, faced the expectant audience, spraddled out his legs, broadly grinned a moment like a sunstruck idiot, and clapping both hands loudly several times on his big, round paunch, as he leaned well backward—just imagine Ingersoll, with his capacious rotundity and bonny, baby face, telling this story—screamed out, as if in harmony with the significant gesture, "Full!" A wild yell of applause shook the house; they all understood it. More and louder slaps as he gloatingly rolled his grinning eyes on all sides. "Thirty times!" Great Scott! thirty times! Now they did howl—and then, as if in sudden alarm over a belated milk wagon, he rushed down to the footlights, and, peering sharply in every direction, confidentially asked the orchestra in a shrill whisper:

"Hath Phoebus's cart gone round?"—Washington Post.

A Slight Confusion.

She tripped down the stair and answered the postman's knock, for she was expecting letters far too precious to be intrusted to footman or maid.

"What have we here?" she inquired smilingly, as she took the missives; "Billets doux?"

"Not exactly, miss," replied the new letter-carrier with a blush, "my name's Billy Dooley."—Washington Star.

It Answers as Well.

"Boston girls never hang up their stockings on Christmas eve," announced Miss Kittish.

"Don't they?" replied Miss Giddey, in deep surprise.

"No; they suspend their hose."—Judge.

NEW FASHIONS IN STATIONERY.

Novelties in Wedding and Announcement Cards.

This is the time of the year when a woman overhauls her writing desk and replenishes it with new stationery, pens and silver furnishings, according to an authority in the New York Herald. It is also the season when wedding cards are due.

The latest fad in monograms, as shown by the swagger stationery, is almost microscopic. Surrounded by a fine ring sometimes the letters are in silver on a dark blue background, and this style is also used for mourning, with the background of black. Others are of one shade, while a still more modest style is just a tint deeper than the shade of the paper.

In striking contrast to these minute productions are the crests and monograms used for the South American and Cuban trade. These are made in the most gorgeous coloring and enormous size. I saw one with the tints of the rainbow bravely contenting with one another, which would fill at least half a page.

There are many beautiful new tints in notepaper this fall, both in rough and smooth finish; nevertheless the cream still holds as the leading favorite. I saw an invitation from the Duke de Veragua and Royal Commissioner General of Spain to a dinner at the Auditorium in Chicago; another from Major General Miles to meet Her Royal Highness Infanta Eulalia at Fort Sheridan, and also one from the Imperial Ottoman Commissioner General and Ahmed Fahri Bey, the Imperial coat of arms at the head of it in silver. A man who evidently believes that brevity is wit had the following gotten up in fine style:—

o.....o

I herewith announce my marriage to Miss ——. H. O.

Sept., 1893.

o.....o

I saw something original in the shape of wedding cards last week. The young lady in the case has been something of a belle this summer along the upper part of the Hudson. She is very pretty, and that may have something to do with the novelty of the wedding cards.

The invitation is printed on one long sheet of pure white paper, folded over at the ends; on the outside is the picture, in the form of a postage stamp, of the young lady and her signature, while her fiance's face and signature fill the opposite end.

Most of the wedding cards which will be sent out this winter are very plain and simple in style. As a rule there are not so many cards enclosed as formerly. Of course, in case of a large church wedding where there is danger of a crush and where many outsiders would strive to force their way into the church from curiosity, a church card is indispensable.

COULDN'T BE DONE.

Chancellor Livingstone's Recommendations on Railroads.

A Railway Age correspondent tells an interesting story about a railroad grievance committee.

I was in a general manager's office the other day when on the approach of a grievance committee, who were announced by the private secretary, I at the request of the general manager, stepped into the next room, with only a screen between me and the committee, and I could not well help hearing what was said. The conversation ran this way:

General Manager—"Please be seated. What can I do for you?"

Committee—"We represent the engineers of Division No. 20 of the A. P. A. R. R."

General Manager—"Please explain the nature of your grievance."

Committee—"X. Y. L., who has been running this line for ten years, was transferred from No. 1 fast express train to the list of extra men by the order of the master mechanic; which is not according to our schedule, and we insist our rights in reference to priority of employment."

General Manager—"Are you gentlemen financially interested in this corporation, either as bond or stockholders?"

Committee—"We are not."

General Manager—Where do your rights exist, when you have no money invested? You get paid for your services."

Committee—"But we have rights, morally speaking."

General Manager—"Explain."

Committee—"This man has been employed for many years, been a faithful and economical engineer, and we think that this company is letting him run too easily because he is a member of our organization and belongs to a grievance committee."

General Manager—"But this removal was ordered by my request."

Committee—"Will you kindly explain why you requested this change?"

General Manager—"With pleasure." (touching an electric button). A young employe appeared, who received orders to bring volume No. 102, and look on page 5, the general manager read "X. Y. Z. account for expenses in running engine No. 99" for five years, which showed 30 per cent more than John Ashand expenses on engine No. 100" for the same period in the same service, and John has not been half as long in our service," said the general manager, "as the gentleman you are representing. In these hard times we must retain the men that are the most economical, and allow the extravagant men to seek employment with a wealthier corporation."

Committee—"But don't you give the oldest employes the preference?"

General Manager—"Yes—everything being equal."

Committee—"Is this your final answer?"

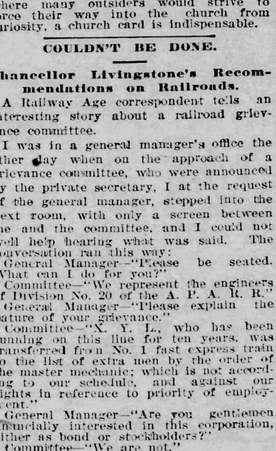
General Manager—"Yes; in the future we will retain our best men, allowing our careless employes to take a new start, just as any other business firm considers the best way to run this railroad for profit only, and we must take care of our profitable employes, and let the others take care of themselves."

The committee then retired.

WHERE WILL THEY END?

Sleeves Seem to be Ever Wider, Wider, Wider.

In the primitive times, when sleeves bore some slight resemblance in their shape to the arm which they were to cover, about three yards of material sufficed for a bodice. Now, it takes three yards to make quite a modest pair of sleeves. Every extra ruffle, every extra epaulet means, of course, so much more goods. Every ruffle is edged with lace or fur or velvet or passementerie. There are insertions of embroidery in the tops of so-called



LITTLE EXPANSION POSSIBLE.

plain sleeves; there are linings of divers hues and materials for the trimmings of the trimmed sleeves; there are old coats discarded because they won't fit over the sleeves, and there are new capes bought because they accommodatingly refrain from crushing sleeves into shapelessness. The sleeve is ruling the world of fashion.

Artists and old-fashioned people who believe that nature made a graceful thing when she made the feminine arm, do not like it, of course. But dry goods merchants and dressmakers rejoice, and the good work goes on.

A Change of Method.

Lena—"Fred didn't blow his brains out because you jilted him the other night. He came right over and proposed to me."

Maud—"Did he? Then he must have got rid of them in some other way."—Truth.

FAMOUS FORTY-NINER.

Wm. T. Coleman's Efficient Work on Early Vigilance Committees.

William T. Coleman, whose death was announced the other day, was perhaps the most notable of all the '49ers who made the Pacific coast region famous.

Mr. Coleman will be remembered in history chiefly because of his connection with the vigilance committees of San Francisco. In 1851, when the spirit of lawlessness and the general inefficiency of the courts had compelled the decent element of the community to adopt measures to protect itself, a vigilance committee was organized. Mr. Coleman was the most

WILLIAM T. COLEMAN.

influential member of the executive body of this committee. They hanged four desperadoes and banished a large number. Then they disbanded.

In 1856, after the murder of Editor James King, the vigilance organization was revived stronger than ever, with Mr. Coleman at the head. It assumed control of the administration of criminal justice in San Francisco. Efforts were made to persuade Mr. Coleman and other influential members of the committee not to interfere actively with the course of the law. The governor of California, Neely Johnson, and General William T. Sherman, then major general of the state militia, were among those who visited Mr. Coleman and reasoned with him unavailingly. He had charge of the trials and directed the execution of four murderers, including Casey, who assassinated Editor King. He kept the committee from acting hastily, and prevented it from becoming involved with the United States authorities.

His name was known wherever the great vigilance committee was known, of which he was the dictator, having stipulated for absolute power before he would assume the responsibilities of the position. He gave his whole time to the work of clearing San Francisco of renegades and criminals, and although he has been accused of undue severity it was due to his persuasions that David S. Terry was not lynched the night that he thrust a bowie knife through the throat of the committee's marshall. It was only in private talk with Mr. Coleman that you could get an idea of his executive and judicial force. He had a great disinclination to pose before the public, and it was only with extreme difficulty that he was induced to write a personal account of the work of the vigilance committees for the Century Magazine, which formed the most valuable feature of their gold-hunter series.

WOMEN AND MEN.

Some Things They Can Do and Some They Cannot.

Here are some things a woman can do:

Shop all day long and not spend more than 75 cents.

Walk the floor with the baby half the night and not be bad tempered at breakfast next morning.

Entertain unwelcome visitors and make them feel at home.

Dance for hours in shoes two sizes too small, and yet have "a perfectly lovely time."

Make her mother-in-law like her.

Talk about servant girls and woman suffrage in the same breath.

Have a nervous headache and go to a matinee and forget all about it.

Select from a list composed chiefly of cakes, buns, pickles and tea.

Sleep peacefully with steel prongs sticking into the head, their purpose being to crimp the hair.

Wear thin-soled shoes and wonder why she has neuralgia.

Do fancy work for four months before Christmas and yet enjoy that holiday before it comes.

Keep house, raise the children, attend church, sew, belong to several clubs and then feel sorry for "poor John" because he has to work so hard.

Here are some things a man can do:

Sharpen a pencil.

Drive a nail.

Take his sweetheart to the theater and never once leave her side.

Take the same sweetheart to the theater a year afterward, when she has become his wife, and go out between every act.

Be positive that he knows more about the silver question than any of the other fellows.

Smoke $2 worth of cigars a day and wonder how some people can be extravagant.

Go to a baseball game and howl like a Comanche Indian from pure enjoyment.

Spend his last $5 for a good dinner and think it well spent.

Wear a chrysanthemum the size of a young cabbage and not feel conspicuous.

Make more trouble about a slight cold in the head than a woman would if she had typhoid fever.

Wear loose, warm, comfortable clothes in winter, and then equally sensible and comfortable clothes in summer.

Pay little or no attention to fashion, and yet be always well dressed.

Be generous and fair when his wife's relatives are concerned.

Admire other women and adore his wife.

Talk about the hard times to his wife when she hints about a new bonnet and tell his own friends that he has not felt the stringency in the money market at all.—Chicago Record.

Not a Swindler.

Daughter—"That man who advertised all the latest popular songs for $1 is a swindler."

Old Man—"Eh? Didn't he send anything for your money? I'll report him to the authorities at once."

"Yes, he sent the latest popular songs, just as advertised, but they were only the words. No music at all. I can read them, of course, but I can't sing them."

"My dear, that man is not a swindler. He is a philanthropist."—New York Weekly.

The Dear Child.

Little Mabel—Ethel must think you're lots better than any of her other beaux.

Mr. Spoonaway (gratified and blushing)—Why, dear?

Little Mabel—Because she lets me stop in the room when you call, an' she don't when the others call.—Chicago Record.

Why He Was Dropped.

Ethel—Why didn't Henrietta have anything to do with that noted young writer when he came? She said she was going to.

Maude—Yes, but during their first talk he said he had never met a pretty woman who had any brains. So Henrietta dropped him, considering it a personal insult.

Ethel (amiably)—Why, which does she think she has?—New York World.

It Hurt Him.

Strawber—"Do you feel the late financial depression?"

Singerly—"Feel it! Why, old man, for a period of a month I wasn't able to borrow a dollar."—Judge.

Rough.

Bagley—"How much would you charge to get me up a little circular to send to my creditors?"

Printer—"That depends on how many thousands you have."

"Bagley—"Sir!"—New York Herald.

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A FAIR VIRGINIAN.

A TALE OF THE FIRST BULL RUN.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER IX.

THE AMBULANCE.

When the Federal troops were driven back by the Confederates, they headed directly for Bull Run by various routes, without the semblance of order. They were utterly demoralized—a mob of men in uniform; some were armed, many were without arms. Hundreds flung their guns away, while others lightened their encumbrances by throwing away their cartridge-boxes and coats in their mad race for life.

Sprinkled among the armed mob fleeing towards Bull Run were a goodly number of spectators, who drove or rode out from Washington. They were so sure of victory, these spectators, that they chose to keep within sight of the Federal forces engaged. When the rout became a flight these civilians, composed of Senators, Representatives, gentlemen of leisure, gamblers, professional men and idlers, realized their danger; but they were hemmed—wedged in an inextricable mass. Those who occupied carriages and buggies perceived others on horseback fleeing past them. Vehicles were impeded by the mass of soldiers and civilians afoot. All the roads leading from the battlefield to Bull Run were covered with a mass of men and vehicles, running and crying furiously for life.

This mass of confused humanity, frenzied with fear, unexpectedly encountered a stream of new-comers from Washington, who were eager to witness the proofs of the prowess of the Union arms they had heard so much of when exaggerated reports of the battle were circulated in the capital. Those fleeing for safety met the crowds of late comers thronging the roads; thus suddenly the late comers and the civilians and soldiers rushing towards Bull Run blocked the road.

History tells us the oposing streams of humanity "made a whirlpool, the vortex of which was where the road crossed the narrow bridge over Cub Run." (Appropriate name.) "Just below, another human stream had poured in down the forest road, up which Hunter and Heintzelman had marched in the morning."

This whirlpool of humanity struggling in frenzied fear, presently were stunned by the thunder of artillery and the plowing of the ground near them by shot. The Confederates pursued with light artillery. A few shots aimed at the mass filling the roads accomplished what no other means could have done. Those nearest the roadsides sprang madly from the road, leaving a way for some to cross the narrow bridge; the current crossing the bridge grew swifter and swifter, until one shot, aimed with more precision than the others, struck a caisson on the bridge.* The caisson was overturned; it blocked the bridge again. The drivers cut the traces, mounted and rode away. The pursued were insane with fear. Ordnance wagons, ambulances filled with wounded men and artillery—all were side-tracked.

When the crowd on the bridge yielded themselves up to fear, the Confederates rained shot into it. Somehow—no man who was there has ever explained how or in what manner—the crowd melted away under the shower of Confederate metal. The crowd was dispersed—the run was ended above and below the bridge, and there were some who succeeded in getting around the overturned caisson.

It was at this juncture that a man in civilian's attire was seen shaking his clenched fist in the direction of the mounted soldiers and the fleeing soldiers on foot. He was sitting beside the driver in an ambulance when the caisson was overturned. When the artillerymen slashed the traces this man expostulated with them. As they rode away his scornful epithets rang in their ears.

He leaped to the ground as another shot struck the water near the bridge. The driver of the ambulance also sprang from his seat. He, too, was in the act of cutting the traces of one of his horses when the muzzle of a gunbarrel was thrust into his face. The stock of the musket was in the hands of the man who had sat beside him. The eyes of this man were fixed upon the driver, and the devil the driver beheld in those murderous eyes so far surpassed the devils in his rear that the driver suddenly desisted and stood erect, quaking in mortal terror.

"Touch those traces again and I'll kill you with as little compunction as I would shoot a rat."

It was not difficult to understand how why this man leaped from the ambulance. He anticipated the evil effect the action of the drivers of the artillery horses would produce upon others. He resolved that the driver of the ambulance should not imitate them if he could help it. He saw infantrymen flinging their muskets aside as they ran; one lay near at hand; it was to secure this and enjoy it as an argument that he leaped to the ground in time to convince the driver that he must seek safety in some other way.

"You poor, miserable coward! If you are afraid to drive, I will drive—you can trust to your legs. What! leave these poor fellows to the mercy of these devils back there? You wretched—skunk!"

But the last opprobrious and most appropriate epithet was lost upon the the driver, who, the moment he realized that he could exercise his choice, took to his heels and ran with all his might.

Meanwhile, the man who had accelerated the driver's flight coolly re-seated himself in the ambulance and urged the horses as fast as the circumstances admitted of. The ambulance was full. The living freight was in no condition to remonstrate, let alone help themselves had the driver been permitted to execute his dastardly purpose. The volunteer driver quietly placed the musket he had lifted from the ground upon the seat, and was making fair progress when he unexpectedly encountered an obstacle that obstructed the road. This was an army wagon standing in the road in such a way as to render it extremely difficult for the ambulance to pass it. The driver was compelled to exercise great care. This was the wagon that crossed the bridge on Cub Run when the Confederate shot created the panic that has been commemorated in song and story. The ambulance followed close behind this wagon; the shot that overturned the caisson caused the wagon, as well as those hauling the ambulance between the wagon and the caisson, to leap madly forward. One of the wagon traces broke, but the remaining horses galloped, under the driver's lash, a considerable distance. When he discovered that the trace was broken he coolly got down, cut the remaining traces, mounted one of the horses and rode on, leaving the wagon in the middle of the road. This was done in the interval the man seated beside the driver in the ambulance employed to threaten the driver's life when that arrant coward was preparing to cut his traces.

A group composed of Union officers and civilians on a road commanding a full view of this scene, but at a distance that prevented them from rendering immediate aid, observed the driver of the ambulance dismounting, leading the horses carefully around the wagon. With the exception of this ambulance wagon, not another creature in the Union service was in sight. Soldiers and civilians had disappeared before the Confederate shot; the hoofs of the Confederate cavalry thundered on the roadway in the distance. Now they came nearer and nearer. The group of Unionists could discern the flying figures of the Confederate cavalrymen who outstripped their fellows in the pursuit of the fugitives. The sympathies of the lookers-on were deeply excited as they witnessed the approach of the foremost cavalrymen.

At a distance of about three hundred yards from the forsaken wagon the road deflected suddenly to the right. A little further on a considerable body of infantry was emerging from a fringe of woodland upon the road. These troops, forming the greater portion of a regiment, exhibited less fear gave fewer evidences of demoralization than any of the Union forces the group of Union spectators had observed within the past fifteen minutes. It was plain to all that if the man driving the ambulance could reach the bend in the road, the safety of those in the ambulance would be assured.

Half a dozen Confederate officers upon an eminence a third of a mile in the rear were also spectators of the incident described. Like the Union officers, they could see the danger threatening the more venturesome Confederate cavalrymen, who came within the range of the muskets of the infantry marching in something like company formation on the road after they emerged from the wood.

The driver of the ambulance, apparently did not appreciate his peril The spectators beheld him remounting the moment the ambulance was clear of the wagon. They could see him urging his horses, but his pursuers were rapidly overtaking him. The foremost in pursuit fired at the ambulance; doubtless the object was to frighten the driver and compel him to surrender.

The Federal spectators observed that he suddenly changed the reins from his left to his right hand. The distance to the bend in the road was now lessened more than one-half; but now two cavalrymen were seemingly within a hundred yards of the ambulance. The capture of the ambulance was a foregone conclusion in the minds of the Federal spectators, when suddenly the driver leaped upon the ground. They beheld him lashing the horses furiously one minute—the next he confronted his pursuers with his musket at his shoulder.

The foremost cavalryman reined up suddenly; his fellow likewise halted. The civilian with the musket stood his ground. Meanwhile, the ambulance dashed onward. A third cavalryman rode up, and then all three of them dashed forward. A tongue of flame leaped from the musket; one of the riders fell, but the others rode straight at the man standing in the middle of the road. The spectators could see the two horsemen striking at him with their sabres; witnessed the man on the ground thrusting at each in turn with his bayonet, until another horseman came up and fired a revolver at the man on foot. Even as he was falling, with a thrust his bayonet at one of the cavalrymen. When he fell in the road the horsemen galloped on after the ambulance, which disappeared around the bend. The Federal infantry, hearing the ambulance galloping towards them, looked back in alarm. When they beheld the three Confederate horsemen following hard after it, they intuitively apprehended the truth. There was a volley of musketry on the instant. Two of the horsemen fell; the third wheeled and galloped back as fast as he came, leaving the man who had obstructed his passage lying in the middle of the road with the hot July sun shining full upon his upturned face.

* A fact.

CHAPTER X.

EVIL TIDINGS.

The warm July air pulsated with war's alarms. Disquiet, unrest disturbed the valley where peace had hitherto held undisputed sway. War's alarms were all pervading; the distractions caused by a political upheaval that suddenly separated great states were sufficient in themselves to occupy the minds of men and women, old and young, without regard to class or condition.

To the distractions immediately attending the seceding of state after state, there was added throughout the South something infinitely deeper and farther reaching than anything comprehended in the gloomiest anticipations of the people in the North, and among the patriots in the North were many whose vision was sharpened by prolonged and enforced study of the "peculiar institution" all the world sneered at, that was finally selected by Alexander H. Stephens, after due deliberation, and formally dedicated as the "chief corner-stone of the Confederate States."

This was the domestic disquiet resulting from apprehensions of an uprising of the slaves, and the exceeding bitterness of spirit that marked divided households. The apprehensions excited by divided states paralyzed trade; the upheaval that sundered families benumbed the feelings. Men and women, father and son, brothers and sisters walked in those days like people in a dream. To very many the opening of the war seemed a horrible nightmare, and thousands went down to the grave during the conflict mentally and morally dazed by the swiftly succeeding events in a tremendous drama, the immediate and ultimate consequences of which they entirely failed to grasp.

But the dullest brain in the South speedily realized one thing. The average Southern brain apprehended the dangers attending a policy that comprehended a general armament in the South. Despite the frequent boasts made by slave owners that their "niggers would fight for them to the last," even the poorest of the "poor white trash" foresaw horrors indescribable attending a general armament. Already the idea that subsequently found expression in the phrase "If Mars puts guns in our han's!" was projected over the entire Southern horizon with sufficient clearness to demand positive utterances.

Then the masters with one voice announced their determination to put spades in their slaves hands instead of guns. "We will make them dig trenches for us," the slave holders said. "We will do the fighting."

There were few women in the South better informed concerning the peculiarities of the Northern and Southern people than Caroline Norton. And there were very few placed in a more trying position. Her only brother had incurred the contempt of his most intimate friends. Fiercely characterized as that most despicable of all things, a traitor to the South, no one named him but to curse him. No punishment was deemed too severe for the man who deliberately abandoned the South in her great need. There were many who expressed a desire to burn his house, and scatter his substance to the four winds, or at least to appropriate as much of his property as the state could utilize. There were others, and fortunately these were largely in the majority, who declared that no foe should be dealt with as severely as those who, upon any pretext whatever, should molest Miss Norton's property. These men with the chivalrous instinct that distinguished generations in the South, and which still gives an agreeable flavor to many localities in the South, were so influential as to prove a perfect shield for the sister of a man who abandoned his entire possessions and fled to the North. There was a wave of sympathy in her favor, too, from the moment that she was left sole representative of a large estate. She did not pause to consider what course she should pursue. Within twelve hours from the time she was left alone she had repaired to the nearest officer of the state, on horseback, attended by one of her servants, and declared her willingness to contribute to the defense of the state. More than this, Miss Norton displayed rare discretion at a time when men acredited with sound judgment lost their heads and proved sorry examples.

The reader doubtless has discerned that Caroline Norton's moderation was the result of her environment. With an acknowledged lover on one side, and a brother on the other side—the two beings dearer to her than all the remainder of the world—it need not be wondered at if she was more thoughtful, more considerate, and was credited with sounder and more practical views in those days when the early fever of war made men and state fitful, than her neighbors. While those who knew her best pitied her, she won the respect of all who were brought into contact with the girl who was now never seen to smile.

Miss Norton had but one confidant, Miss Clayton. When she was alone she confessed to herself that she would in all probability succumb to the horrible thoughts that oppressed her throughout the livelong day, and tortured her by night, if she had not found one to whom she could turn in moments when she craved sympathy. Her sleep was confused; disturbed by visions and horrible specters that robbed her cheeks of their wonted healthy glow and imparted an alertness to her eyes and a strained, hunted expression that caused Miss Clayton to shed tears for her friend in secret.

Miss Norton stood motionless on that July evening looking down upon the valley with her hand pressed involuntarily over her heart. How often throughout that day her hand had pressed over her heart! She had passed such a wretched night. When she closed her eyes she beheld grewsome sights. Contending hosts swept back and forth upon a broad plateau; here and there she beheld flying figures which upon nearer inspection exposed gaping death wounds, and all who fell never to rise again! When she rose and laved her forehead freely in the morning, the fever seemed to moderate; but it was with a distracting head that she now stood looking down upon the valley.

Afar off she beheld a horseman approaching. Miss Norton's eyes were fixed upon this horseman whose horse was plainly fagged, yet his rider urged him continually.

A black boy, one of her servants was galloping down the lane on a horse without saddle or bridle. The slave rode recklessly; his mistress could hear him shouting to his horse—could see him digging his bare heels into the horse's sides. Miss Norton was so absorbed in thought as she observed her servant endeavoring to execute her command that she did not hear a quick footstep in the hall. The half open door was pushed wide open and Miss Clayton entered the room.

"I thought I would find you here," said Miss Clayton. Caroline turned quickly.

"You have news. No? I was sure you brought news. Did you not meet anyone on the way?"

"Not one," Miss Clayton replied.

"That is the first person I have seen coming in this direction to-day." Miss Norton indicated the man on horseback. "I sent one of the servants down to stop him. I must hear what he has to say. It must be something terrible. I had, O! such awful dreams—I know they have been fighting. I saw it all in my dreams, Marion."

Miss Clayton was silent. She, too, had passed a sleepless night. Her anxiety throughout the day prompted her to ride over to her neighbor to dispel the disagreeable feelings that oppressed her. She was also anxious upon Miss Norton's account.

"Yesterday the livelong day people passed in one direction. They seemed to be so eager. I know they were going to fight. And early this morning I saw men riding hard, but nobody came this way—not one, Marion, until this man came. See! Dan has stopped him. He is bringing him up the lane. Let us go down."

Miss Norton ran; her friend hastened after her. Together they sped down the lane where the black boy sat on his horse talking to the travel-stained rider.

The traveler was not a prepossessing man. He did not meet Miss Norton's steadfast gaze when she addressed him. He had shifty eyes; they gleamed furtively from Miss Norton to Miss Clayton.

"What news, Miss?" The traveler lifted his soft, well worn hat, wiped his forehead with the palm of his hand as his shifty eyes swept the hill sides. "Bad news—very bad."

"Was there a battle? Where do you come from? What do you know? What did you see? Was Col. Mason's regiment there?"

"If you'll allow me, Miss Norton—bein' as how I'm anxious to get ahead—like as not, seein' you're so anxious to—"

"Have they been fighting?" Miss Norton demanded sharply, whereupon the soft hat was settled back on the traveler's head suddenly.

"Yes, miss, an' a——"

"Where was the battle?" Miss Norton's steadfast gaze held the horseman's shifty eyes; a faint color tinged her cheeks as she regarded him. The traveler experienced a disagreable sensation. It seemed as if those steadfast eyes would wrench the truth out of him.

"All along below Sudley's Ford," the horseman blurted out, "up and down Young's Branch—they fit awful."

"You were there—were there many killed?"

The horseman shook his head sadly, and nodded slowly.

"Why don't you speak? Do you not see I am dying for the news you bring? Marion," continued Miss Norton, "help me to get the truth from him."

"You say you were there—in the battle?" The horseman contemplated his horse's head and Miss Clayton alternately, nodding. "Was it very bad? I mean—were there many killed?"

"Thousands," the horseman answered.

"Thousands!" Miss Norton moaned as she pressed her hands against her temples.

"Yes, Miss, thousands! I was in the fight. I seed hundreds an' hundreds lyin' in heaps all the way from Sudley's Ford to——"

Miss Norton interrupted him again. "Was Col. Mason's regiment in the battle?"

"Yes—everybody was there. More'n sixty thousand on our side. Twice as many Yankees."

"But!" exclaimed Miss Norton, "that is impossible. Surely you are mistaken. What is your name, sir? Do you belong to Colonel Mason's regiment?"

"If you don't ax so many questions, Miss."

"But, can't you tell us which side won the battle?" Miss Norton implored.

"O, yes. The Yanks are after us—they got a good deal the best of us from the first. I'm most too doggoned tired to talk after fighting all day, Nothin' to eat since airly morn, an'—"

"Dan." The black boy, whose saucer-like eyes were rolling from side to side as he looked from one to the other, sat bolt upright on his horse. "Go to the house and bring down some cold meat, plenty of bread and butter, pies—anything, everything, as quick as you can—and a pitcher of fresh milk.

As the black boy rode up the lane, Miss Norton said in an authorative manner, "Dismount. We want you to tell us what you know. What is your name, sir?"

"My name is Pinkey, Miss Norton. Wirt Pinkey at your service. I know all your folks." By this time Mr. Pinkey was more at his ease. He reclined on the ground, leaving his horse to crop the grass free from restraint.

"You are just after the battle—where are the others?" Miss Clayton eyed Mr. Pinkey curiously.

"O, they'll be along by and by—you see, they've got to march solid. I'm a civilian—not jined yet. I'll jine now right away, that is, if there's any more jinin', which I doubt, seein' as how the Yanks outgineralled us so outrageously—just as I've been predictin' right along. I told Harry Mason and a lot o' them how 'twould be. Says I, 'them Yanks mought fetch the most men and the best tactics—then what?'"

Mr. Pinkey cleared his throat, and looked from one to the other in a manner designed to impress them.

"Did you see Lieutenant Mason in the battle?"

Caroline Norton's eyes were sliming with a strange light as she looked in Mr. Pinkey's uncertain eyes. Her friend pressed her foot against Mr. Pinkey's warningly, but that individual misinterpreted the warning.

"I did for a fact—saw the regiment, Colonel Mason, he rode at the head, same as on parade. The regiment marched pretty much all marched right up solid. Bands playin', flags flyin'—O, they marched straight for the Yanks. The Yanks—sneakin' cowards—they were all—or most all, hid in the woods, and when our side nigh about got to the woods, them ask batteries——"

"Ask?" said Miss Clayton. "You mean masked batteries, Mr. Pinkey."

"No, I don't," Mr. P

A POLITICAL PRAYER

AN INCIDENT IN A DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The Mayor of Irwin Puts Up a Prayer to "Almighty Cleveland"—The Woolly Western Way.

Gunnison (Col.) Tribune.

Previous to the close of the Democratic county convention last Tuesday, Edward Croke, mayor of Irwin, arose and all the delegates reverently bowed their heads while he offered prayer to Almighty Cleveland. The voice was filled with emotion and the reporter found it difficult to get every word. But here it is:

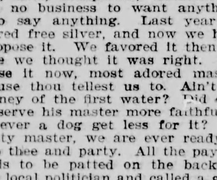
"Oh, almighty and all-powerful Cleveland, who art in Washington, when not fishing; thou who art the father of Ruth and Ruth's sister, and of Marla Halpin's boy, Oscar, and the god-father of the Democratic party, (its father wouldn't own it if he were here) we hail thy name as the great political prophet of the century. We bow down before thee in humble political obedience. When thou sayest come, we come. We have no desire but to serve thee. If thou sayest black is white we will swear to it and lick the everlastin' stuffin' out of the man who disputes it. When thou takest snuff we will sneeze; when thou sayest free silver we will echo thy words; when thou sayest gold then gold it is. We are Democrats after the improved modern type. Our business is to vote the ticket and vote 'er straight. What is it to us whether we have free silver or not? We are but dogs that eat of the crumbs that fall from our masters' tables. When the crumbs fall we wag our tails; when they fall fast we wag faster; when they don't fall we stand and wait until they do. This is Democracy. This is the kind of Democracy which elected thee, our great and mighty Cleveland. Oh, most adored master, we love thee for what thou hast not done for us. We love thee because thou art Cleveland. We humbly surrender ourselves to thee. Do with us as thou wilt. Though wheat is but 40 cents a bushel we love thee: though cotton is low we love thee: though business is dull we love thee: though thousands, millions, are out of employment we love thee: though our children are clothed in rags we love thee: though our wife, the dear companion of our bosom, is scantily dressed and looks so shabby she can't go to church, we love thee; though we are sinking deeper in debt and poverty is knocking at the door, and hunger is staring us in the face, we love thee still. This shows our great faith and love for thee. Our wives and children we are willing to sacrifice, even as the Hindoo mother sacrifices her offspring by throwing it under the crushing wheels of the juggernaut. Oh, mighty Cleveland, words cannot express our love for thee. We love our party, too. What care we about the many promises it made? We know it promised free silver, and we know it won't give it to us, but we will stick to the party. We know we said if it did not do the things it promised it would. We lied, but we lied when we said it. We thought then we had some manhood about us, but we ain't. We have no independence. Thou, oh mighty Cleveland, hast all the manhood and independence in the party. We are fools, liars, lickspittles, mudsills. We have no business to want anything, or to say anything. Last year we favored free silver, and now we have to oppose it. We favored it then because we thought it was right. We oppose it now, most adored master, because thou tellest us to. Ain't we a honey of the first water? Did ever dog serve his master more faithfully? Did ever a dog get less for it? Oh, mighty master, we are ever ready to serve thee and party. All the pay we ask is to be patted on the back by some local politician and called a good Democrat. We ain't got any sense. We don't want any, only enough to vote the ticket. It don't take any sense to be a good Democrat. What a joyous thought! We don't have to think. We don't have to worry. Our work is all mapped out for us. All that is expected us to do what we are told to do. We thank thee, oh Cleveland, that we are Democrats. We thank thee for the panic. We thank thee for the hungry and idle men and women in the land. We thank thee for low prices. We thank thee for the banks that have busted and the thousands of business failures since thou hast come into power. We thank thee for hard times. We thank thee for the rags our children wear. We thank thee for the clothes our wife needs and can't get. We thank thee for what thou hast done for the banker and what thou hast done for the people. We thank thee for all these things because it is our duty as a good Democrat to do so. It may be "against the grain," but we will take our medicine. We will work our wives to death, starve our children, sacrifice our homes, crucify liberty and kill prosperity, but will never go back on our dear old party, and on thee, our most adored Cleveland. Thou art more account than all of us put together. Thou knowest more than the South and West. Call us fools; spit in our faces; wipe your feet on us, we will love thee all the more. And now our great political father, we leave us in thy care. Do with us as thou wilt. Kick silver into the middle of the next century; give more privileges to the national banks; issue more bonds; preserve the McKinley bill; establish state banks; foster trusts; bribe Congressmen with patronage, fish whenever thou wilt, and hunt snipe whenever thou carest to, and we will endorse everything thou doest, carry Cleveland roosters, campaign torches and for evermore sing thy praise. Amen."

Catarrh In The Head

Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect and permanent cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. Catarrh oftentimes leads to consumption. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla before it is too late.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and effectively. 25 cents.

It's Called "The Little Tease."



Here's a little puzzle to set people a-guessing. It's like the everlasting history of Columbus and his egg; the trick is very simple after you know how. But do you know how?

Take a dozen pennies and dispose of them in such a manner that they will form six equal shares, in juxtaposition, just as in the accompanying diagram. After doing that, all you have to do is to take away three of the pennies again and leave the remaining nine in such a way that they form three perfect squares. The nine pennies are not to be removed from their original positions, and each of the three squares formed by them must have one of the bits of money at each corner. In other words, no penny must be left outside of any one of the squares.

A bit of sagacity and a bit of patience is all that you need when you tackle this. Armed with this hint, go ahead and take away your three pennies.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will enclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No. Humbug, no deception. Address Thomas Barnes, Marshall, Mich.

He Bought It Cheap.

Uncle (who is very close)—"Freddy, here's a nice knife I bought for you to-day."

Freddy—"Thank you. Who is selling out?"—Truth.

SOMETHING THAT GROWLED.

A Story Showing Just What Should Be Done with an Escaped Lion.

A circus train had been smashed up at the junction, many of the cages had been broken and their occupants had had a chance to escape to the woods and fields. While we were waiting for the wrecking crew to clear the debris away, an old darky with a business look about him approached the circus manager and said:

"Boss, do I git anythin' if I cotch de giraffee what got away last night?"

"No giraffe got away," was the reply.

"Wall, I cotched sunthin' ober on my place dat must have got away from somebody. My ole woman dun say it's a giraffee, but mebbe it's a elefant."

"Our elephants are all here, but one of the camels is gone."

"Mebbe it's a camel. I nebber seed no camel. He hain't got no wings nor nuffin."

"Does it look like a horse or a cow?"

"No, sah. My boy Henry says it's a nosceros, but I'ze a leetle suspishus dat it hain't."

"We have no rhinoceros, but it may be our sacred bull from India."

"Does yo'r sacred bull growl like a dawg an' show his teef?"

"No."

"Does he walk around a nigger's cabin an' take a dog by the neck an' shake de life outer him an' roar an' roar?"

"No. It must be one of our lions! You don't mean to say you have captured a lion?"

"Can't say, boss. It's sunthin dat growls an' roars an' switches his tail. Him didn't wanter cum along, but I tied a rope around his neck an' made him. He's tied up to dat tree ober dar, an' I reckon yo' orter gimme 'bout two bits fur my trubble."

About fifty of us went up the road with the old man, and a quarter of a mile away, tied to a persimmon tree and looking mightily disgusted, was the biggest lion of the menagerie.

"Dunno if it's an elefant, or a nosceros, or a giraffee," said the old darky as he went up and began loosening the rope, "but yere he am, an' bein as he killed my dawg, an' bein as I had to drag him all de way ober, mebbe yo' will make it fo' bits."

"Great Scott, man!" gasped the manager as he gave the darky a silver dollar. "Didn't you know this was a lion, and the fiercest one of the whole lot?"

"No. Nebber dun knowed what he was. Jest got a rope an' made him cum along, an' when he growled an' roared I hammered him wid dis stick. Much obleeged, sah. I will now go out an' see if I can't dun cotch sunthin' wid wings on it!"—New York Sun.

STRONGER THAN HUNGER.

As His Old Weapons Hurt No One He Couldn't be Punished.

According to an imaginative reporter who earns a princely stipend on the Chicago Tribune, a policeman on West Madison street was accosted yesterday by a pale, sad woman, whose eyes were full of unshed tears.

"I wish," she said, "that you would go to the second floor of that building over there and arrest a big red-headed maniac you will find there."

"Who is he, and what has he been doing?"

"He is my husband. Doing? What hasn't he ben doing? You know that times are hard, I reckon; well, they're harder in our house than anywhere else in the state of Illinois; the whole family's down with diphtheria, except the old man and me. The old man has a mania for collecting swords and other weapons; that was all right when we had money in the house, and no sickness, but now he's out of work, an

"DIDN'T HE BRING THE MEDICINE?"

it's going to ruin us. The other day I gave him $2 to go to the drug store and buy medicine, and he came home with an old claymore about three feet long, that he said Lochiel was carrying when the wizard appeared to him."

"Didn't he bring the medicine?"

"No, he didn't. I lectured him and gave him $2 more to go on the same errand, and in three hours he came back carrying a Persian scimetar that you might have sliced off the head of a rhinoceros with. He said it was the same scimetar that Mustapha used to carry. The next day I let him have the money to go up-town to pay the rent. I didn't see him again until night, but in the middle of the afternoon a dray backed up to the curb and unloaded a cord of Zulu assegais and a bushel of Italian stilettos."

"You are very unfortunate, madam."

"Unfortunate? That's not the word. Next time that I had to have medicine I went after it myself, but while I was away my husband took away the cook stove on a wheelbarrow and traded it for the knife that Charlotte Corday used to carve Marat. He is now anxious to get hold of the pillow with which the princes were smothered in the Tower of London, and if you don't go over and run him in he will be carting away the bedclothes and the family Bible."

"I'm sorry to say," said the policeman, shedding a real tear, "that I have not the authority to arrest him. If you could get him to attack you with the scimetar or shoot poisoned arrews into the furniture, I would consider it a pleasure to lock him up."

JUST FOR FUN.

A brilliant playwright wrote recently to a woman of his acquaintance what is a wonderfully vivid description of an often experienced good-for-nothingness: "I feel like a picked flower. And there is no water in the vase!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Paying Failure.

Israel—How vas it, Levi, dat Ikey Oppenheimer vas richer than you vas, so much?

Levi (sadly)—Ah, Israel, he succeeded much better in failing than I did.—Truth.

A Long Acquaintance.

Clarice—But surely he didn't propose the first time he ever saw you?

Marguerite—Oh, no, he said he had noticed me often in the park and at the the[illegible]r.—Detroit Tribune.

Those Sleeves.

Laborer admiringly to comrade, as a stylishly dressed woman sailed by with shoulders apparently five feet broad—"I say, Jimmy, there's a pair of shoulders for a hod."—Philadelphia Record.

Rough on the Lady.

At the Art club recently a lady prominent socially asked a gentleman of her acquaintance if he knew Mr. Renaissance, the artist, who was so much talked about and had so many pictures.—Philadelphia Times.

His Little Paradox.

"Isn't it strange," said Gustus de Gushington, steadying himself as the idea struck him by holding tightly to his cane, "that the more your courage is plucked up the more you've got?"—Chicago Tribune.

Disappointed.

"Is Mrs. Whisperhard at home?"

"Yis, mum."

(Hastily putting back her calling card)—"Oh, dear me! I—I thought she was in the country."—Truth.

Awkward.

A young man advertised for a wife, and his sister answered the advertisement; and the young man thinks there is no balm in advertisements, and the old people think it is pretty hard to have two fools in one family.—Truth.

—Be Good to Yourself for Once, if troubled with a bad Cough, Cold or Lung Affection, and use promptly Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a safe remedy for Asthma and Pleurisy, as well as all Throat Complaints.

PHIL SHERIDAN'S WIFE

INTERESTING CHAT WITH THE WIDOW OF THE GREAT SOLDIER.

Misconception Embodied in the Bronze Representing the Famous Ride—Always Cool and Quiet.

With the name of Sheridan is closely linked all the pomp and splendor of a victorious general. One thinks of him at the head of dauntless men sweeping down between the blue Virginia hills, his pathway lit by the flames of burning houses and his stern hand carrying havoc and destruction.

But when one sees the pretty home where he passed his last days, his young widow and her family of happy children, somehow the picture changes, writes a Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Times. The smoke-grimed warrior's face seems by a kindly touch transformed into loving tenderness. Upon the green summit of Arlington the dead soldier lies surrounded by his sleeping men. And down in the beautiful city below are those who will take

THE TWIN DAUGHTERS OF GEN. SHERIDAN.

his name of deathless fame down to an admiring posterity.

The Sheridan home is the only house in a triangular lot formed by the intersection of several streets with an avenue, and the situation is one of the most desirable in town. In the immediate neighborhood are many of the prominent Senators and foreign ministers' mansions, and the giddy whirl of social life reaches its vortex in this center of wealth and fashion. The exterior is of plain red brick, but the building is large and broken up into artistic architectural that relieves its plainness, within the rooms are cut into all shapes and quaint corners that enhance their picturesqueness.

The hall is handsomely decorated, and prominent among its ornaments are mementoes of Sheridan. On the left of the door stands a marble bust of the general, a large life-size painting hangs on the wall, and rising on a wooded support is a beautiful silver-mounted saddle, made for the general in Mexico. The floor is covered with rich rugs and the rich hangings and pretty ornaments lend it an air of luxury and ease.

On the right is a cozy dining room in warm but subdued tones, while directly opposite opens the parlor. This Mrs. Sheridan's dainty taste has converted into a bower of beauty. Its furniture is in keeping with its richness of ornament, and amid the pretty tables and other bric-a-brac are scattered pictures and other souvenirs of the Union leader. Some are paintings, others engravings, and on a handsome stand near the window is a striking bronze. It represents "Sheridan's Ride" and pictures a leaping horse whose rider waves his hat over a face gleaming with the frenzy of battle.

Mrs. Sheridan is the queen of this pretty home, and when seated one afternoon this week in her parlor it was like listening to a new page of our country's history when she told of her famous husband. "I met Gen. Sheridan out West, when my father was a member of his staff. That was many years after the war. I have been an army girl all my life, having been born on the frontier between the United States and Mexico. But I was educated East. I cannot remember the war, being too young at that time, for the general was many years my senior.

"With most people an entirely incorrect idea of General Sheridan prevails. As I knew him in our home life he was the most quiet of men. His

YOUNG PHIL SHERIDAN.

voice was soft and subdued, his manner as gentle as a woman's. In fact, he was a very domestic man, fond of his home, and devoted to his children, and, while the mental picture many have formed is that of a bold, dashing warrior, he was in reality nothing of that character in private life.

"See that bronze there," she continued, pointing to the fiery bronze steed and its shouting rider. "That is entirely, as far as I know, a misconception. Instead of becoming wild by excitement, he was always coolest and most quiet in danger. During the later years of his life he met many former foes, whom he esteemed highly. And it speaks well for our country that old animosities seem forgotten and the most prominent positions in our government are held by old soldiers.

"Phil, my only boy, is named for his father. He attends school here in town, but my two girls go to Eton Hall, near Philadelphia, where they are being educated by the sisters—you know we are Catholics. Eton hall is near the convent recently erected by Miss Drexel, now Mother Katherine, for the education of negro and Indian children. I have lived a great deal in Washington, and am fond of the Capital and its society, though I do not take a very active part in its gayeties."

One can easily believe that Mrs. Sheridan could not remember the war, for it is very evident that 35 years have not passed over her head, and in her pretty face and slender figure one sees all the charms and graces of youth.

Her hair is dark and stylishly arranged about a white brow. Dark gray eyes look out smilingly from a dainty patrician face, and her whole air is one of ease and refinement. Her manners are quiet and composed, but one sees that there is no lack of fire in the trim, dark-robed little woman. In a word, she is worthy of the great name she bears.

With or Without Blinds.

The Supreme court of Indiana has decided that saloonkeepers can pull down the blinds, notwithstanding local laws prohibiting it. The court holds that where municipal corporations pass ordinances they must be reasonable, and that the use of blinds, shutters, colored glass and screens in business houses and dwellings is one of the conveniences of civilized life, almost as necessary as the houses themselves.

MRS. MARY LYNDE CRAIG.

Nurtured in a home among the Green mountains, taught in earliest years by a governess, in a little unpainted farm house, that was every winter flanked by snow drifts 30 feet in height, was a tiny bit of a child, Mary Lynde—Lines the neighbors and the villages pronounced the name. Her father, Capt. Lynde, was the youngest son of his father, Lieut. Benjamin Lynde, U. S. Army.

With three brothers, older than herself, to carry this little girl in their arms or draw her on their sleds to school, we find her at five years of age studying geography and history; at seven writing excellent English, and studying "higher arithmetic" and "Watts on the Mind."

She graduates at a New York school of high degree and is accorded "The Highest Honors of the Institution."

We next see her in California, a widow and the mother of a beautiful boy. She treads the paths of life with this little son beside her, her highest ambition his success in all that is lovely and of good report. She teaches, writes, studies. For ten years she taught in the Girls' High school of San Francisco, the while supervising the studies of her son.

This son, grown to youth's estate, graduates at the San Francisco Boys' high school, enters Harvard with great honor and is graduated therefrom "magna cum laude."

The step-father and little sister that had been given to the son had both gone to reap their reward in the heavenly city, and once again was Mary Lynde a widow. The old adage "dicemus docendo" was here true. She had, indeed, learned by teaching. She had learned, too, in the hard school of poverty and affliction.

Her son was married now and settled; her husband in the New Jerusalem. What should she do? With brimming eyes she looked about her. She knocked at the door of the law department of the University of California and the guard graciously bade her "come in."

Just before the second year of the second widowhood of Mary Lynde was ended (November 12, 1892,) a small bridal party convened at the church of the Ascension in Vallejo, and Rev. Wm. Ballard, rector, united "Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts that beat as one."

Our little lady was now Mrs. Mary Lynde Craig, the wife of Selpio Craig, editor of the Citrograph and president of the Editorial Association of Southern California.

Speaking of the wedding a San Francisco paper says: "Well might our bride and groom look happy, as they did, since each had secured for a life companion, a friend, an ardent lover, and an enthusiastic literary worker."

January 9, 1892, Mrs. Craig passed examination before the Supreme court in San Francisco and was admitted to the bar of California. She still keeps up her college work and will doubtless receive the degree of L. L. B. in May next, from the State University. She already has a good office practice, and has been especially successful in settling cases out of court. Mrs. Craig is the only woman in the senior class of the college. She is now at work with a rare preparation; and that she has done the work well is evinced by the high honor in which she is held by college mates and professors. She is historian of the College club. She is also historian of the Daughters of the American Revolution. A monograph upon "Country Roads and City Streets," published by her in '91, while treasurer of the Pacific Coast Women's Press association, has been read and admired in two languages by the people of two continents. The monograph was translated into Norwegian by Miss Emmeline North, of San Francisco; and at the expense of the Swedish government was published and distributed to all government officials in Sweden, Norway and the Danish capital. More than 400 appreciative letters have been received by her from presidents of banks, boards of trade, public works, etc.

An article by Mrs. Craig published last year in the Citrograph headed "Taxation of Municipal Bonds," attracted a good deal of attention from financiers, as it brought the ground that in California municipal bonds are not under the constitution taxable. It was copied and commented upon favorably.

Says a New York daily: "We may yet look to see Mrs. Craig, California's representative in the United States Senate."

Best of all the subject of this sketch is a womanly woman—thoroughly so. Thousands testify that by her they have been led into brighter, kindlier, cheerier paths than they had ever known before.—C. R. J.

Politicians Will See the Point.

An Englishwoman says that the woman suffrage question in Great Britain reminds her of what a Sussex farmer once said to her. He had a tall, old-fashioned clock which pointed twenty minutes to four and struck two. "Now," said the farmer, triumphantly, "nobody but me understands that clock. Nobody else knows that when it points twenty to four and strikes two it's really half-past five." "What we need," declared the woman suffragist, "is a Sussex farmer to tell us what politicians mean when they point twenty to four and strike two."

Ought to Go Up.

Mrs. Humorist—"I see that dress goods are going up, dear." Mr. Humorist—"That's good. I always did approve the old fashions of having 'em come right up to the neck."—New York Press.

The Remedy.

"What shall I do to prove my love?
The raving, ranting actor cried;
And from the gallery above
A voice suggested "suicide."
—Harper's Bazar.

A Veteran's Story

Jos. Hemmerich.

Mr. Joseph Hemmerich, an old soldier, 529 E. 146th St., N. Y. City, writes voluntarily. In 1852, at the battle of Fair Oaks, he was stricken with typhoid fever, and after a struggle of several years in hospitals, was discharged as incurable with **Consumption.** Doctors said both lungs were affected and he could not live long, but a comrade urged him to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before he had finished one bottle his cough began to get loose, the choking sensation left, and night sweats grew less and less. He is now in good health and cordially recommends

Hood's Sarsaparilla

as a blood purifier and tonic medicine, especially to comrades in the G. A. R.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Try a box. 25c.

CREW OF SCOUNDRELS

PEOPLE WHO MAKE A BUSINESS OF BLACKMAIL.

Only Persons Who Are Well Known or Have Business With Them Can Gain Access.

In all the very large cities in this country there is a set of professional blackmailers, who keep tab on all the private doings and foibles of rich men who have families, or who have positions of trust. But in New York they are most numerous, skillful and daring. The vast aggregation of wealth there is a constant invitation to them to practice their nefarious arts.

"There are plenty of men in New York, and in every other city," said Superintendent Byrnes to a New York Advertiser man the other day, "who, though having wives and children, still like to whoop things up on the quiet once in a while, and are willing to pay for silence about it. These fools are all down in the books of these leeches, and we can do nothing for them."

As a consequence the very rich men, in New York at least, take every precaution to keep clear of the men and women who make it a business to prey upon the wealthy. When Jay Gould was alive he was the hardest man in New York to see. There were any number of duffers between him and the outer world. Even newspaper men had to run a gauntlet of half a dozen clerks and then deal with George Gould before they could get near the great financier. Ordinary blackmailers had no show at all. Geo. Gould is now the manager in the main of the vast wealth that his father accumulated, and he walks Broadway without any bodyguard. He is a most difficult man to see in his own office.

Those who read of the shooting of Bonanza King John W. Mackay, in the West, last winter, do not know that an attempt to blackmail him was made in New York a couple of years ago. It was a ridiculous farce. The blackmailer managed to get a personal interview with the silver king, and the latter listened to the bluff that was made with much interest until the blackmailer presented an ultimatum. Then the muscular ex-miner arose in his wrath. He gripped the would-be blackmailer by the neck, kicked him out of his office through a long hallway and threw him downstairs.

It is almost impossible for any one not having business with Cornelius Vanderbilt to get near him. Visitors to the great railroad magnate have to pass an ante-room in which sits a colored attendant, who knows pretty nearly every big man that Mr. Vanderbilt knows before he can get even to Chauncey Depew's secretary. After this he has to pass under the sharp eye of Mr. Depew himself before he can get to the room where Mr. Vanderbilt works. No blackmailer or crank has yet been known to run that gauntlet successfully.

D. O. MILLS'S SON ON GUARD.

It is a toss-up as to whether Cornelius Vanderbilt or John J. Rockefeller is the richest man in America, and it is equally difficult to say which is the more democratic in his ways. Blackmailing cranks have about as much fun with the Standard Oil magnate as with the railroad king—and that is none at all. Personally, Mr. Rockefeller can walk from his home to his office without any need of a guard. He is the least known, perhaps of all our very rich men, and may walk the city for days without being recognized. As for getting at him in his offices, that is impossible. They are hidden in the immense granite building of the Standard Oil company, at the foot of Broadway, as are those of William Rockefeller, Henry M. Flagler and the other oil kings. There is a private entrance to them, but this is not generally known. To get at him ordinarily the visitor must pass through a labyrinth of offices and under the close inspection of a hundred keen-eyed men. Even then you may not get speech with him, for you have his secretary to deal with, and he stands firm in the belief that his employer, with the management of two hundred millions of dollars of his own on his hands and with a large share of responsibility in the management of several hundred millions more belonging to his partners, has no time to bestow upon the callers. So it comes about that, although hundreds of men call in a single day, the oil king may see less than a dozen of them, and sometimes not one.

D. O. Mills, of Pacific railroad fame, is another man whom it is impossible for men who prey upon other men to see. His offices are on the upper floor of the great building on Wall street that bears his name, and they are almost shabby in their plainness. A single clerk stands at a high desk in a room leading to that of the great railroad builder. He asks your business and you tell him. He at once goes into the other room, and in a moment comes out with a well-looking, sturdy young man with a frank and pleasant face.

"Mr. Mills, jr.," the clerk says, and retires.

"Is it really necessary for you to see my father?" the young man says; "I act for him in most things."

If there are good reasons, or if you are a newspaper-man, you are admitted at once to where the prisoner himself sits at a plain $25 desk, near which is a much better one that is occupied by his son. A broken-backed sofa and some chairs make up the furniture of the room. Even if a blackmailer got into the place, he would be likely to think he had made a mistake and go out again. And if he staid in he might find himself equally mistaken, for Mr. Mills—leaving his son out of it—though no longer young, is sturdy, and has seen the game of bluff played very roughly before now. At any rate, blackmailers do not fool with D. O. Mills.

The present members of the house of Astor in America pay no attention either to blackmailers or cranks. The Astors pay no attention to any one. Before William Waldorf Astor shook the dirt of America from his feet and settled in England, newspaper men would talk back to their superiors if told to interview him, and they become even more insubordinate now if told to look up John Jacob Astor. When a well-mannered reporter cannot enter it is useless for ordinary cranks to apply for admission.

JOHN W. MACKAY AND THE BLACKMAILER.

A Pure Norwegian

oil is the kind used in the production of Scott's Emulsion — Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda are added for their vital effect upon nerve and brain. No mystery surrounds this formula—the only mystery is how quickly it builds up flesh and brings back strength to the weak of all ages.

Scott's Emulsion

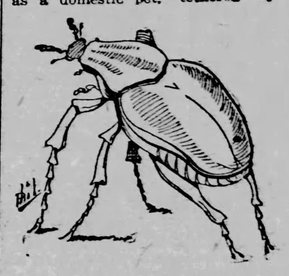
will check Consumption and is indispensable in *all* wasting diseases.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

THE GOLIATH BEETLE.

A Cheerful Little Insect That Roams South Africa.

The Newcastle-on-Tyne Chronicle is responsible for the following drawing of that curious insect, the Goliath beetle, found in South Africa. Naturalists call it Goliathus Druryi. It is over four inches in length, with long legs, which, when fully extended cover a distance of some nine or ten inches. It was brought over to England by Mr. F. W. Marsnall, who has kept it at Teignmouth since July as a domestic pet, tethered by a



string attached to one leg. After trying endless varieties of food, with more or less success, it was discovered that lemon suited the beetle's palate more satisfactorily, and this is now his chief diet. The insect is now seen at the Zoological Gardens, London, and has excited much curiosity.

THE MODERN MOTHER

Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant laxative, Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

LONDON THROUGH FRENCH EYES.

A Graphic Pen Picture of the Big Capital by Henri Rochefort.

The Pall Mall Budget says that M. Henri Rochefort has lived so long in London that his opinions on the British capital would form very interesting reading. The exiled editor, however, has not yet put his experiences across the Channel into literary shape, but he recently contributed to the Revue Illustree an article on M. Sinet's art work, in which he incidentally alludes to London life. "London is a city the strange peculiarities of which it would be almost impossible to describe adequately. When, four years ago, I fell like an aerolite into this immense place, which I had already touched after my escape from New Caledonia in 1874, a French refugee who had long lived in England gave me this brief description of the British capital: 'You know Paris well, of course,' he said. 'London is its exact opposite.' This odd opinion is nevertheless perfectly accurate. London is Paris upside down. The cafes there close when ours begin to open. The houses, which with us are often seven storeys high, have here two landings on an average. The drivers here go to the left and ours to the right. It would seem as if a whole people had said in an undertone as the French do so and so, we must do the contrary.

"The Sunday rest, which for the majority of the English people is a sort of cellular imprisonment for twenty-four hours a week, gives to this colossal, formidable agglomeration of humanity an aspect which cannot be conceived. Not a shop open since the Saturday, when many close at 2 p. m. Not a vehicle in the streets, except an occasional cab rolling along from time to time on those vast roads, and marking more emphatically the solitude which it traverses in taking a late traveler to a railway station. In this unsightly there are six millions of inhabitants, fifty Canebieres and 240 Rues de la Paix. This famous Whitechapel, where Jack the Ripper perpetrated his deeds, and which is generally supposed to be modelled on the pan of the Place Maubert or the Rue de Venise, is at least double the width of our biggest boulevards." M. Rochefort then alludes to the bustle and turmoil of London during the week and when streets are thronged with traffic; and to the fogs, when little, save the lights on the cabs, carriages and cars can be discerned, and he leaves his readers to imagine what effect a painter can find in such a colossal heap of objects and colors.

Good News for Sufferers—Catarrh and Consumption Cured.

Our readers who are victims of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to know of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Bonnet treatment. The New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th street, Cincinnati, Ohio, will send you this new treatment free for trial. Write to them. Give age and all particulars of your disease.

Inconsistency.

Customer—"I thought you pretended to be a temperance man or a prohibitionist or something of that sort."

Clothier—"Um, sir—I am."

Customer—"Why don't you sell prohibitionist goods then?"

Clothier—"How do you mean?"

Customer—"I got a $1 umbrella here last week and it came home soaked the first time I took it out. That's one thing. Three days ago I bought a pair of $3 trousers. I noticed they were a little full when I got them. Last night after the shower they got lighter'n any pants I ever had on and to-day they're off again. Then there's that thin coat I bought here; had a regular tear Wednesday and hasn't been fit for business since. You're in fine company here if you're a temperance man. Lemme see a standup collar if you've got one that can stand up."—Farm and Field.

FREE TO INVALID LADIES.

A safe, simple home treatment that cured me after years of suffering with uterine troubles, displacements, leucorrhea, etc., sent free to ladies who will mention this paper to use it. Address, Mrs. D. L. Orme, South Bend, Ind.

Some Celestial Social Customs.

Of course, it is natural that things should be topsy-turvy on the under side of the globe, but it is queer to note the things that are reversed. In China the men wear skirts and the women trousers. The men wear their hair long and the women wear their hair short. The men carry on dressmaking and the women carry burdens. People dress in white at funerals, in mourning at weddings, and it is old women who serve as bridesmaids.

Beginnings of History.

"Recent discoveries in Egypt and Chaldea," says Mr. Boscawen, "indicate that, although the monuments there carry us back about 5,000 years before the Christian era, they do not constitute the limit of our sources of history. They indicate the origin of these people to have been in Western Persia, Kurdistan and Luristan show more ancient remains than have been studied in any part of the world. The old Babylonian civilization and Chinese civilization both came probably from this region, and it may yet yield us knowledge of times far earlier than any that we yet know of."

Something Wrong With Mare.

S. C. F., Indiana: The fact that a white substance collects around the anus of your mare would indicate ascarides, commonly called worms. The mare may also be troubled with lumbricii, which resemble the earth worm in form, but is a dirty gray. Other worms in the horn are the tape worms and bots. The pin worms are small and resemble a thread. The safest way to know when worms inhabit a horse is by carefully watching the feces. In case of worms the hair is rough and the animal looks bad. The worms may irritate so as to cause fever, and unnatural appearance of urine. For lumbricii take oil of turpentine 2 ozs.; oil of male fern, 2 drachms; linseed oil, 12 ozs. Follow this for five days with 1 drachm sulphate of copper. For the thread worms, clear out the rectum with a soap and water injection, and then inject per rectum liquor of perchloride of iron, 2 ozs.; freshly made lime water 1 quart, or inject oil of turpentine 2 drachms, linseed oil 1 pint. Use every day for a week. The remedy given for lumbrici will frequently answer for thread worms also; but if it reaches only one kind the injections may be used. An ounce of pulverized saltpetre in drinking water will clear the urine, if worms are expelled. The eye referred to may be affected by the condition of the animal.

To Cause Hair to Grow on Scar.

L. S., Illinois: Take of strong mercurial ointment, 1-2 oz.; castor oil, 2 ozs.; oil of origanum, 1-2 oz; cacao butter, 3 ozs. Melt the butter, and then rub all down together in a mortar that has been well warmed. If the hair follicles are destroyed no application will make the hair grow. For a small scar half the above will be sufficient.

Lumpy Jaw.

B. E. Y., Kansas: Among all the investigators as well as others who have used iodide of potassium for lumpy jaw none that we have read of have used it in any other way than in solution. The drug must be dissolved in distilled or rain water, as otherwise a precipitate will form from the salts present in common water. It is recommended to place a good leather halter on the animal, and draw its head up by placing the strap or rope over something overhead.

About Black Pepsin.

Mrs. C. F. E., Iowa: The editor has never recommended black pepsin. The Country Gentleman of December 14, 1893, says: "Black Pepsin."—Readers may remember the exposure in these columns last year of a humbug butter-making compound bearing the above name, the promoter being identified as one James A. Bain, of Ohio, already known as the author of other frauds of the same description, notably of a swindle in the spring of 1892, in which he signed himself secretary of a bogus "North American Poultry Association," and offered information about incubators which proved to be worthless. The outcome of these operations is the sentencing of Mr. Bain last week to three years in the penitentiary and a fine of $300, for using the United States mail for a fraudulent purpose. The case was stubbornly contested in the courts, but justice and common sense have triumphed.

Roup in Chickens.

L. S., California: There are two kinds of roup—dry, and that in which there are exudations from the nostrils and eyes. The best remedy is to give each fowl half a teaspoonful of kerosene (lamp) oil, wipe the head and inject some kerosene into the nostrils. Put about a tablespoonful of kerosene in a quart of corn, shelled, and let the fowls eat it. This is sufficient for six or eight fowls. As soon as a fowl is attacked with the disease, it must be removed from the others, for if this is not done the disease may spread through the entire flock. When a fowl drinks it leaves some of the exudation in the water and other fowls by drinking the water are sure to get the disease. A roupy fowl should be kept in a warm place until it recovers or dies. Many fowls never recover from the disease. It leaves lameness or weakness.

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You can save from $50 to $200 by buying your Piano or Organ direct from our factory. We do our own making and our own selling. We employ no agents, sell no stores, supply no dealers. The consumer reaps the benefit of the agent's commission and the dealer's profit. We do the largest direct business in the world, and can point to a satisfied purchaser in every county in the U. S. Every instrument accompanied by an ironclad guarantee for 10 years. Our catalogue of

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The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Colt's Leg Cut on Barbed Wire.

G. M., Kentucky: If the tendons of the legs have been severed, the case is a very bad one. When the colt was brought home the cuts should have been examined at once for sand or foreign bodies that might have entered the opening. Then as nearly as possible a co-aptation of the side of the cuts should have been made with sutures. Then if pus formed, some or all of stitches should have been taken out, or a drainage tube inserted. As you have let it run so long, the only thing that can now be done, will be to poultice the cuts with linseed meal poultice for about three days. Examine the cuts carefully, thus, after washing with warm water and soap, and if there is any sand or other substance in the cuts removing it. Mix well. Dry the wound and apply with a soft bather chloride of zinc one part, water one pint. Bandage the wound and apply the above twice a day. If necessary the cut may be brought well together by clipping the hair and using strips of strong sticking plaster, leaving space for pus to escape if any forms. If the tendons are cut badly the colt should not be exercised, but if not a little walking exercise will do no harm. If you have a veterinarian near you he should be called, as there may be special treatment

Talmage's Sermon.

GREAT THINGS ACCOMPLISHED IN THIS WORLD.

Dr. Talmage Preaches of Those Who Have Great Physical Infirmities and Yet Serve the Lord.

Dr. Talmage preached yesterday at Nashville, Tenn. His text was Isaiah xxxiii, 23, "The Lame Take the Prey."

The utter demolition of the Assyrian host was here predicted. Not only robust men should go forth and gather the spoils, of conquest, but even men crippled of arm and crippled of foot should go out and capture much that was valuable. Their physical disadvantage should not hinder their great enrichment. So it has been in the past, so it is now, so it will be in the future. So it is in all departments. Men laboring under seemingly great disadvantages, and amid the most unfavorable circumstances, yet making grand achievements, getting great blessing for themselves, great blessing for the world, great blessing for the church, and so "the lame take the prey."

Do you know that the three great poets of the world were totally blind? Homer, Ossian, John Milton. Do you know that Mr. Prescott, who wrote that enchanting book, "The Conquest of Mexico," never saw Mexico, could not even see the paper on which he was writing? A framework across the sheet, between which, up and down, went the pen immortal. Do you know that Gambassio, the sculptor, could not see the marble before him, or the chisel with which he cut it into shapes bewitching? Do you know that Alexander Pope, whose poems will last as long as the English language, was so much of an invalid that he had to be sewed up every morning in rough canvas, in order to stand on his feet at all?

Do you know that Stuart, the celebrated painter, did much of his wonderful work under the shadow of the dungeon where he had been unjustly imprisoned for debt? Do you know that Demosthenes by almost superhuman exertion, first had to conquer the lisp of his own speech before he conquered assemblages with his eloquence? Do you know that Bacon struggled all through innumerable sicknesses, and that Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott went limping on clubfeet through all their life, and that many of the great poets and painters and orators and historians and heroes of the world had something to keep them back, and pull them down, and impede their way, and cripple their physical or their intellectual movement, and yet they pushed on and pushed up until they reached the spoils of worldly success, and amid the huzza of nations and centuries, "the lame took the prey"?

You know that a vast multitude of these men started under the disadvantage of obscure parentage. Columbus, the son of the weaver; Ferguson, the astronomer, the son of a shepherd; Ament, the prey of the one; worlds on worlds the prey of the other. But what is true in secular directions is more true in spiritual and religious directions, and I proceed to prove it.

There are in all communities many invalids. They never know a well day. They adhere to their occupations, but they go panting along the streets with exhaustions, and at eventime they lie down on the lounge with achings beyond all medicaments. They have tried all prescriptions, they have gone through all the cures which were proclaimed infallible, and they have come now to surrender to perpetual ailments. They consider they are among many disadvantages; and when they see those who are buoyant in health pass by, they almost envy their robust frames and easy respiration.

But I have noticed among that invalid class those who have the greatest knowledge of Bible, and the closest intimacy with Jesus Christ, who have the most glowing experiences of the truth, who have had the most remarkable answers to prayer, and who have most exhilarating anticipations of heaven. The temptations which weary us who are in robust health they have conquered.

Many who are alert and athletic and wearthly, loiter in the way—the lame take the prey. Robert Hall an invalid, Edward Payson an invalid, Richard Baxter an invalid, Samuel Rutherford an invalid. This morning, when you want to call to mind those who are most Christ like, you think of some darkened room in your father's house from which there went forth an influence potent for eternity. A step farther, through raised letters the art of printing has been brought to the attention of the blind. You take up the Bible for the blind, and you close your eyes, and you run your fingers over the raised letters, and you say: "Why, I never could get any information in this way. What a slow, lumbrous way of reading! God help the blind!"

And yet, I find among that class of persons, among the lame, the dead, and the dumb, the most thorough acquaintance with God's word. Shut out from all other sources of information, no sooner does their hand touch the raised letter than their quickened spirit discovers they look off upon the kingdoms of God's love. Without hearing, they catch the minstrelsy of the skies. Dumb, yet with tongue of fire, printed on countenance, they declare the glory of God.

A large audience assembled in New York at the anniversary of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and one of the visitors with chalk on the blackboard wrote this question to the pupils: "Do you not find it hard to be deaf and dumb?" And one of the pupils took the chalk and wrote on the blackboard this sublime sentence in answer: "When the song of the angels in heaven shall burst upon our enraptured ear, we shall scarce regret that our ears were ever marred with earthly sounds." Oh! the brightest eyes in heaven will be those that never saw on earth. The ears most alert in heaven will be those that in this world heard neither voice of friend, nor thrum of harp, nor carol of bird, nor doxology of congregations.

A step farther: There are those in all communities who toil mightily for a livelihood. They have scant wages. Perhaps they are diseased, or have physical infirmities, so they are hindered from doing a continuous day's work. A city mission ary finds them up the dark alley, with no fire, with thin clothing, with very coarse bread. They never ride in the street car; they cannot afford the five cents. They never see any pictures save those in the show windows on the street, from which they are often jostled and looked at by some one who seems to say in the look, "Move on! what are you doing here looking at pictures?"

Yet many of them live on mountains of transfiguration. At their rough table he who fed the five thousand breaks the bread. They talk often of the good times that are coming. This world has no charm for them, but heaven entrances their spirit. They often divide their scant crust with some forlorn wretch who knocks at their door at night, and on the blast of the night wind, as the door opens to let them in is heard the voice of him who said: "I was hungry and he fed me." No cohort of heaven will be too bright to transport them. By God's help they have vanquished the Assyrian host. They have divided among them the spoils. Lame, lame, yet they took the prey.

A step farther: There are in all communities many orphans. During our last war and in the years immediately following, how many children at the North and South we heard say: "Oh, my father was killed in the war." Have you ever noticed—I fear you have not—how well those children have turned out? Starting under the greatest disadvantage, an orphan asylum could do for them what their father would have done had he lived. The skirmisher sat one night by the light of fagots, in the swamp, writing a letter home, when a sharpshooter's bullet ended the letter, which was never folded, never posted, and never read. Those children came up under great disadvantage. No father to fight their way for them. Perhaps there was in the old family Bible an old yellow letter pasted fast, which told the story of that father's long march, and how he suffered in the hospital; but they looked still further on in the Bible, and they came to the story of how God is the father of the fatherless, and the widow's portion, and they soon took their father's place in that household. They battled the way for their mother. They grew up, and many of them have already, in the years since the war, taken positions in church and state, North and South. While many of those who suffered nothing during those times have had sons go out into lives of indolence and vagabondage. These who started under so many disadvantages because they were so early bereft, these are the lame who took the prey.

A step farther: There are those who would like to do good. They say, "Oh! if I only had wealth, or if I had eloquence, or if I had high social position, how much I would accomplish for God and the church!" I stand here to-day to tell you that you have great opportunities for usefulness.

Who built the pyramids? The king who ordered them built? No; the plain workmen who added stone after stone and stone after stone. Who built the dikes of Holland? The government that ordered the enterprise? No; the plain workmen who carried the earth and rung their trowels on the wall. Who are those who have built these vast cities? The capitalists? No; the carpenters, the masons, the plumbers, the plasterers, the tinners, the roofers, dependent on a days' wages for a livelihood. And so in the great work of assuaging human suffering and enlightening human ignorance and halting human iniquity. In that great work the chief part is to be done by ordinary men, with ordinary speech, in an ordinary manner, and by ordinary means.

The trouble is that in the army of Christ we all want to be captains and colonels and brigadier generals. We are not willing to march with the rank and file and do duty with the private soldier. We want to become to the reserve corps, and read about the battle while warming ourselves at the campfires, or on furlough at home, our feet upon an ottoman, we snuggling back into an armchair.

As you go down the street you see an excavation and four or five men are working, and perhaps twenty or thirty leaning on the rail looking over at them. That is the way it is in the church of God to-day; where you find one Christian at work there are fifty men watching the job.

Oh! my friends, why do you not go to work and preach the gospel? You say: "I have no pulpit." You have. It may be the carpenter's bench, it may be the mason's wall. The robe in which you are to preach this gospel may be a shoemaker's apron. But woe unto you if you preach not this gospel somewhere, somehow! If this world is ever brought to Christ, it will be through the unanimous and longcontinued efforts of men who, waiting for no special endowment, consecrate to God what they have. Among the most useless people in the world are men with ten talents, while many a one with only two talents, or no talent at all, is doing a great work, and so "the lame take the prey." There are thousands of ministers of whom you have never heard—in log cabins at the West, in mission chapels at the East—who are warring against the legions of darkness, successfully warring. Tract-distributors, month by month undermining the citadels of sin. You do not know their going or coming; but the footfalls of their ministry are heard in the palaces of heaven. Who are the workers in our Sabbath schools throughout this land to-day? Men celebrated, men brilliant, men of vast estate? For the most part, not that at all.

They have noticed that the chief characteristic of the most of those who are successful in the work is that they know their Bible, are earnest in prayer, are anxious for the salvation of the young, and Sabbath by Sabbath are willing to sit down unobserved and tell of Christ and the resurrection. These are the humble workers who are recruiting the great army of Christian youth—not by might, not by power, not by profound argument, not by brilliant antithesis, but by the blessing of God on plain talk, and humble story, and silent tear, and anxious look. "The lame take the prey."

It would take a week to count up the names of those in heaven who were on earth worse than you can tell me you were. They went the whole round of iniquity, they disgraced themselves, they disgraced their household, they despaired of return because their reputation was gone, their property was gone, everything was gone; but in the same hour like this they heard the voice of God, and they threw themselves on the divine compassion, and they rose up more than conquerers. And I tell you there is one reason why I like to preach this gospel, so free a gospel, so tremendous a gospel, it takes a man all wrong, and makes him all right.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

The Sunday School.

Fourth Quarterly Review.

LESSON XIV., DEC. 31, 1893.

TITLES AND GOLDEN TEXTS.

Golden Text for the Quarter: The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.—Rom. 14:17.

I. THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.—Rom. 1:16.

II. REDEMPTION IN CHRIST.

Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.—Rom. 3:24.

III. JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—Rom. 5:8.

IV. CHRISTIAN LIVING.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—Rom. 12:21.

V. ABSTINENCE FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.

We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.—Rom. 15:1.

VI. THE RESURRECTION.

Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. 15:57.

VII. THE GRACE OF LIBERALITY.

He became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.—2 Cor. 8:9.

VIII. IMITATION OF CHRIST.

And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.—Eph. 4:32.

IX. THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

I will walk within my house with a perfect heart.—Psa. 101:2.

X. GRATEFUL OBEDIENCE.

We love him, because he first loved us. 1 John 4:19.

XI. THE HEAVENLY INHERITANCE.

Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.—Col. 1:12.

XII. THE GLORIFIED SAVIOR.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name.—Phil. 2:9.

XIII. THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins.—Matt. 1:21.

Review Hints for the Intermediate Teacher.

The other day a lady showed a friend one of her treasures. It was a large book she been arranging and collecting for many years. She said her "letter-book" was also a memory-book; for it held some valued words she had kept for her children and her children's children. It was made like a scrap-book, so that pages of open letters, fastened down at the back, could be preserved and easily read. The book had a carefully prepared index, giving the name of each writer and the date of writing. Many names were of those who died years ago. Some of the letters were from little children; many were about them—their sayings and doings recorded; some were from foreign lands—one from a sick, wounded relative in a distant hospital, another from a prisoner in time of war; some were from distinguished authors. All were preserved for merit, or beauty of thought or language, or, best of all, for the love or sympathy expressed. Do you think that entire family will prize that book? For thirteen weeks we have been studying a more wonderful, more interesting letter-book than any other. It has in it the names of those who died centuries ago; oftenest of all,, "the name which is above every name." The letters were written by different writers—some travelers in far off lands; some who had known shipwreck, prisons, banishment; by hands that labored and had worn strong chains; authors inspired to write of truth, of heaven, Bethlehem, and of the Glorified One who "was dead and is alive for evermore." Have you learned to love and prize the letter-book, which all may claim and cherish as their own? Our studies for the last three months have been selected from letters. We call them epistles. None of the lessons are from the same writer, he who was often called "the apostle to the Gentiles." What was his name? Why was he called the apostle to the Gentiles?

Paul.—(If the scholars can use pencil and note-book, it will be well for each to make a list of the writers and the names of the epistles we have studied, perhaps copying as the teacher puts them on the blackboard or class slate.) Of what did Paul write that he was not ashamed? He wrote to the Christians in Rome words of love and help, telling how constantly he prayed for them and longed to see them. Was it only for the pleasure of a visit and a welcome that he wanted to go to Rome? He wanted to teach the Roman Christians more of Christ, and make the gospel plain to them, that they and many others might understand and believe. He taught them in his writings and preaching that all have sinned. But what did he write that Christ did "for us while we were yet sinners?" He showed that since he died all who believed in him might be forgiven, and for his sake counted just and right, and "saved from wrath through him." Then, if Christ has died for us, for whom should we live? To help all who will to live for Christ, Paul wrote how to love one another, to be kind, busy in doing good, hopeful and helpful. How did Paul write to the Romans they might overcome evil? Was that good advice for all outside of Rome, then and now? Paul wrote to the people of Corinth. How long did Paul preach and teach, and work at tent making, in the city of Corinth? Who came to him there at night, when he was discouraged, and said, "Be not afraid, but speak." In Christ's name he worked and preached, baptized and worked miracles, in Corinth. Paul knew all the trials and temptations for Christians, in a great wicked city, and his letters were to help them to know how to serve Christ by right living and trying to be an example to others. In his letters to the Corinthians he wrote of Christ risen from the dead, and we had that lesson, of which you are reminded when you see the butterfly, the buried seed, or the waving grain. Why? In whom shall all be made alive? What is meant by Christ "the first fruits of them that slept?" What did Paul write about giving to others, and who that became poor did he hold up as an example? Why did Christ lay aside the wealth and glory of heaven? To the Ephesians, Paul wrote while he was in Rome? Who was always by his side? He had once lived in the city of Ephesus, and he loved the Christians there, both old and young, and wanted them to love each other. So he wrote to them of Jesus,—of his love, and how they might be like him. Why, did he say, they should be kind to one another, and forgiving? One more letter of Paul's we have studied, though he wrote several others. This one was written from his Roman prison to the Colossians,—those who lived in Colosse, a city east from Ephesus. Paul wrote them that, as chosen ones, beloved of God, they should put on like garments, to be worn, compassion, meekness, humility, be forbearing and forgiving; and, to make their lives perfect, they should put on love,—a bond like a girdle, binding and holding all the garments in place. He taught how to live so as to have happy homes; for fathers and mothers, children and servants, were to do right, be patient with each other's faults. They should let the word of Christ dwell in their hearts, and all they did should be done heartily, thankfully, for Jesus' sake. How did Paul and others send their letters? Were there any post offices then, or mail carriers? Letters were sent by messengers who could be trusted to carry them and deliver them safely. This letter was sent by one named Onesimus, who had been a slave, but he became a Christian, and Paul sent him back to his master with a letter saying that he had been an unprofitable servant, but in Christ had become a "brother beloved."

James.—One letter was written by "James, the Lord's brother," often called "James the Just." He had called himself a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and wrote to Christians everywhere. What did he write about "every good and perfect gift?" Why do we owe our Father in heaven all our love and service? What did he write about being doers of the word? To whom did Jesus liken the hearers of the word who were doers also?

Peter.—What do you remember of Peter, who was one of Jesus' disciples? Of what inheritance did Peter write? With whom are Christians made meet to be partakers or sharers in heavenly treasures? Did he write to strangers and Christians scattered abroad. Can we claim his words for ourselves?

John the Beloved.—Where was John banished, and why? Who appeared to him? How did he look? Where had Peter and John seen Jesus gloried before? What did Jesus tell John to do? In his Revelation, what did John describe? When the angel spoke to Mary, why did he say the child should be called Jesus? Jesus came to earth to be a Saviour. Is it because of his life and love, his death and resurrection, that the "letter-book" is so full of love, so precious in its promises, so rich in words of comfort and help. How many of the letters have we studied? Who were the writers? It was in Christ's name, and to teach of him, the apostles wrote the letters, which are for us now as well as the people in the years when the rolls of parchment were carried by trustworthy hands, and read in the churches. Have you thanked God that he has kept the "letter-book" for you, and that every child may own a copy for his guide and friend?—Faith Latimer in S. S. Times.

FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
Dr. F. M. ABBETT, Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I have prescribed it in cases of nervous debility, and they seemed to improve so much that I have prescribed several bottles in the last few months with apparent good results."

A DEMOCRATIC BADGE.

Editor Pease, who conducts the Anoka, Minn., Union, as well as holding down the presidency of the Minnesota Editorial association, says:

"A lady was heard to remark the other day that she had to go home

and sew on a Democratic badge for her husband. On inquiry what the badge was, she replied: 'A patch on the seat of his pants, caused by sitting around, waiting for work.'"

Thoughtless Man.

"Well," he remarked, "the 1st of December is close at hand. It's a wonderful how time rolls around, isn't it?"

"Yes, Herbert," she exclaimed. "I was afraid you were going to forget all about it."

"Forget about it! I haven't thought of anything else for a week."

"To think," she sighed, "that we will have been married three years then. I'm so glad you are not like other men. Most of them forget all about anniversaries."

"Anniversary! O, yes, that's so!"

"Why, what were you thinking of?" she exclaimed—and much of the tenderness had fled from her voice.

"Why-er-you see, my dear, I have a note that's due on the 1st of December."

And there are strong probabilities that it will be 1894 before he quits wishing that he were a little less frank.—Washington Star.

An Importation.

Toodle—I don't see why you should envy Nibbles. He's in bed with a cold.

Noodle—Ah, but he caught it in London.—Chicago Record.

Mrs. S. W. White

Tells of a family blessing.

Thus she writes to Mrs Pinkham:—

"I suffered for 10 years with female complaints of the worst form, accompanied by severe spinal trouble causing incessant backache, weakness of the stomach, and nervousness.

"I gave up all hope of ever being well again. Just then I began to take:—

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I followed your directions and treatment until I am now a perfectly well woman.

"I gave it to my two daughters, aged 14 and 16 years, and they are fine, healthy girls.

"It is surely a blessing to our family."—816 Holly St., West Philadelphia, Pa.

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.

AN ATTRACTIVE CAPE

It was only a velvet cape, and velvet capes are by no means uncommon. But this one, in the opinion of a New York paper, had an air of distinction that the others lacked. It

AN AIR OF DISTINCTION.

was a double affair, the lower cape reaching the waist line, the upper one falling a little below the shoulder line. Both capes were edged with sable. The collar was of sable. But all these are common enough traits. What made this cape unique among velvet capes was the way in which jet passementerie was used on it. Several broad rows extended from the collar to the band on each cape, dividing it into several parts.

A Precedent Established.

"What makes you think she will marry you?"

"She has married other men."—Truth.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

A Cavalryman's Story.

Editor Camp Fire:—I come with a pine knot from far away Washington to keep the fire burning. In the winter of '63, as we were going into camp after a hard day's work, near Fayetteville, Ark., I discovered the comb of a house over a hill about a half mile away. I with one or two comrades concluded to go over and get supper. As I turned the corner of the house I stepped in front of the door, which was open, and came face to face with three men whom I quickly covered with my revolver and told to keep still. As one of them claimed to be a rebel soldier, I took them all to camp. In the morning the two civilians were sent home. The other, whose name was Ballard, was retained as a prisoner of war. I was put in charge of him on the march. The next day I was much impressed with the manner in which he conducted himself; he seemed so cheerful. When I turned him over to the next relief I charged the officer to treat him with some respect as he seemed like a pretty good fellow. I saw him once afterward as he was on his way with a number of other prisoners to Jefferson barracks. He called to me, shook hands with me, and said he had been treated well all the time on my recommendation, and if I ever saw his wife to tell her where he was, as I perhaps knew better where he was going than he did.

Well, about eighteen months afterward, we were camped at Ft. Gibson. We were on very short rations, living on beef alone most of the time. As we were returning to camp after a six days' scout, we stopped at a house near the Ross salt works. There were three or four women in the yard I wanted to know if they had anything cooked. One of them turned quickly to me and said no, but they had lots of sweet milk in the milk-house near by. She started in that direction, and looked as if she wanted me to follow her, which I did. When out of ear shot of the others she wanted to know if I was not the man that took her husband prisoner, giving his name. I had to confess I did, and gave her his message. "Well, now," she said, "come back in about an hour, and I will have something cooked," which she had—a corn hone, a pie and some cakes. After living on meat for a week, I tell you it tasted good.—Jerry Rockhold, Co. D, Sixth Kansas Cavalry.

A Correction Corrected.

Editor Camp Fire: In your issue of November 30, Comrade Underwood calls Comrade Browning down on a statement in the Camp Fire of November 2, regarding the presence of Gen. "Jim" Lane on the field during the Price raid in 1864. He says Lane was not there at all, and Blunt (not Bluent, as he puts it) was in Price's advance with a few men, not enough to make a stand. But the men that did the fighting on that campaign were commanded by Maj. Gen. Pleasonton, etc. He very modestly says: "These things I know from the fact that I was there!" (Applause in the galleries!)

Where was Comrade Underwood? Evidently with Gen. Pleasonton! Well, comrades, "I was there" too!—one of the few men—about 2,500—with Gen. Lane and Blunt on the 30-mile raid during the border ruffian war; knew Gen. Lane perfectly well; had heard him plead in criminal court; heard him make political speeches; and even heard him deliver a political sermon at a camp meeting; and I know that Gen. Lane was there—a member of Gen. Blunt's staff!

Of course Comrade Underwood did not see Gen. Lane, as Price's army was between Lane and himself. No one wishes to question the fighting qualities of Gen. Pleasonton's army. It is hardly fair, though, to rob Blunt's men of the glory which they earned in that campaign.

Has Comrade Underwood never read the account of the all day fight between Blunt's "few men" and Price's advance at Little Blue? Or the account of the stand made the next day, on the west bank of the Big Blue, where Maj. Anderson, of the Eleventh Kansas Cavalry, got lost in the woods in changing his position to hold a certain ford, thereby letting the enemy flank the "few men" Blunt had with him? I did not know, until after the tide of victory had turned in favor of the Union forces, that Price was between two fires. I found it out then, though Comrade Underwood apparently, has not.

Blunt's army had three brigades commanded by Brevet Brig. Gen. Wier (I think), Moonlight and Jennison. I do not, now, remember all the regiments engaged on our side. I think there were some companies of a Wisconsin regiment,, the Ninth, Eleventh, Fifteenth and Seventeenth Kansas and two or three companies of the Second Kansas; Capt. McLain's First Ind. Colorado battery and Rabbs battery (I think), with some Missouri troops, militia, from both Kansas and Missouri.

If none of these troops did any fighting, I am at a loss to account for the dead and wounded men that were taken to the rear, or for the response so frequently made during that first roll call after Price had disappeared in the dim distance, "Killed in action," "Wounded," "Missing," etc.—A. D. Shockley, E. Company, Eleventh K. V. C.

A Veteran Speaks.

Editor Camp Fire:—I went out early in 1861 and stayed till August, 1865; was with Pope in the fall of 1861 to the Battle of Shiloh and then under Grant at the siege of Corinth, Vicksburg and Chattanooga. I served in the Seventeenth and Fifteenth corps; served three years as high private, and was transferred to the cavalry and served under General Wilson at Nashville, Franklin and on the Wilson raid south in spring of 1865. Now, comrades, it is high time when you go to the polls hereafter think of the comrades you left over the Southern battlefields and those at home broken in health in justice to yourself and all others vote as you shot. I do not claim for my regiment all the glory, but I notice we were in the front line at Jackson, also at Vicksburg, out of a total of 1,042 we had 419 killed and wounded, and including sickness, 552 deaths, so you see that is over 50 per cent. of a loss.—A. Griffin, Co. K, Fifth Iowa Infantry, and Sergeant Co. I, Fifth Iowa Cavalry.

In the Price Raid.

Editor Camp Fire:—I wish to relate a few incidents in the Price raid in Missouri in 1864, and to correct Comrade L. Underwood, of November 30 Comrade L. Browning says the fighting was done by Blunt and Lane. Gen. Blunt met Price at Lexington and fought him five hours. Gen. Jim Lane was with Blunt, but was at the time an aide-de-camp to Gen. Curtis. He had no command, but was there to do his duty. As to Gen. Pleasonton, his command was in Price's rear, and it was not pleasant for "Pap" to have Blunt in front and Pleasonton in his rear. It put him in a hole.

I was in thirteen battles and skirmishes on that raid, and could give a good column of incidents. I was with Gen. Sanborn when he attacked Price at Boonville, and I was in Sedalia when Gen. Jeff Thompson came in there, and his orderly said to me: "Old man, lay down that gun and surrender, or you will be killed." I took a look at him, thinking he was an officer of the enrolled militia. I just unloaded my gun in his clothes, and got away with several holes in my clothes made by his comrades.

Gen. Pleasonton did not follow Price further than Fort Scott. Gen. Curtis, with his command, drove him out of the state, and Pleasonton returned to St. Louis with the rebel generals Marmaduke and Gokel, that were taken at Mine Creek, Kan. Now, Friend Underwood, I know all the facts in the case, for I was Pleasonton's guide from Fort Scott to Warrensburg, and I think you know me.—"Buck Skin," Hight Point, Mo.

After the Second Bull Run.

Editor Camp Fire:—I was glad to see an item in the Camp Fire column of last week from Comrade W. W. Rice, of the 1st Michigan Cavalry. I, too, was taken prisoner at the Second Bull Run, and I can verify his story in regard to our ill-treatment, though I had plenty of water. We were paroled—about 1,500 of us—at Gaines Station and had to tramp around by the way of Haymarket and Leesburg, to Point of Rocks, Md., to get into our lines. We had nothing to carry but empty stomachs, and many of the boys dropped by the way totally exhausted. Before we got to Leesburg I saw four or five nice ripe pears on the top of a tree near a plantation. I climbed the tree and got them, and I think I never ate anything that did me so much good. Bad as it was, we were lucky in not being sent to Libby. Come again, Comrade Rice, and let us know if Col. Broadhead recovered. He was badly wounded through the breast, and I helped to carry him off the field. I think he was colonel of the 1st Michigan cavalry. It and the 1st Virginia, 1st Pennsylvania and 4th New York cavalry (I think those are the ones) did some brave hand-to hand fighting that day; but the rebs were too many for them. Joseph Jones, Co. D, 84th Pa. Vols.

How I Got to the Yankees.

Editor Camp Fire:—I enlisted April 17, 1862, in Co. C, 6th Tennessee infantry, under Col. Joseph A. Cooper. After a week's hard march by night, swimming rivers and waiting creeks, we reached the lines. With great joy we beheld the flag of our country, and the blue coats shining. In less than one hour there were three companies enlisted and sworn in to the United States service.

I noticed an article printed in the November 30 issue, written by M. W. Ogden, Co. I, 25th Michigan. I have been watching to hear something from that regiment. I thought I would wake up and let him know that I haven't forgotten the old 25th.

Now, Mr. Drummer, if you will come down, I will show you plenty of Johnnies, and I saw two to-day. I haven't forgotten the hard battles that we fought in the Georgia campaign, never refusing to fight when called upon. I served three years and one month without being wounded or captured, and I still vote just the way I shot, and I expect my last ticket to be a Republican one.—James Jeffries, Co. C, 6th Tenn. Inft.

Splinters.

I will relate an incident that took place in my company at Camp Nelson, Kentucky. One of my comrades had his weigh-kettle on the fire, and another one had his goose-kettle on the same fire, boiling nicely. The one who was boiling his clothing told the other to move the goose a little further over. He swore he would not move it. Then they fought, and meanwhile somebody else made way with the goose. Who remembers the incident?—G. W. Hann, Co. C, 8th Tenn. Cav.

"A Dead Soldier's Son," Wichle, Va., hopes to hear, through the Camp Fire, from members of the 24 Massachusetts.

Comrades, don't forget that we shall begin, early in January, a new feature in The Weekly Blade that will be of the greatest possible interest to every old soldier or soldier's son or daughter, as well as to every intelligent reader.

Comrades, what do you think of the story, "A Fair Virginian?" Isn't it excellent?

For Throat Diseases and Coughs use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Like all really good things, they are imitated. The genuine are sold only in boxes.

Too Willing.

"Dear me," he whispered, "do you think if I married you your father would ever forgive us?"

"I'm sure he would, dear," she asserted softly.

"And would he give us a house of our own?"

"I know he would, dearest."

"And would he give us enough to live beautifully on?"

"I'm sure of it, Harry."

"And would he take me into the firm?"

"Certainly he would."

"And let me run the business to suit myself?"

"Of course he would, darling."

She snuggled to his bosom, but he put her aside coldly.

"I can never marry you," he said hoarsely. "Your father is too willing to get you off his hands."—Detroit Free Press.

In the Thirties.

An envious contemporary (to Miss Budlong)—And so you are really engaged to Mr. Timid Smithkins?

Miss Budlong (quite provokingly)—Yes, dear, and I want you to suggest something sweet and tender to go in my engagement ring.

Envious contemporary—If I were in your place, I'd just have the simple word Eureka.—Puck.

A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.
Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

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CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

Their Winter's Work.

"I suppose that by this time the girls at the boarding-school have settled down for their winter's work?"

"Yes indeed. Why, they've had three pickle parties already."—Judge.

SWEET MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

Their Possessor, However, Felt Obliged to Ask Questions.

A man six feet high, with the side of his head wrapped in dry goods, went into a Monroe street dental emporium the other day and sank wearily into a chair says the dental reporter of the Chicago Tribune. In response to the proprietor's "What can I do for you?" the large man said:

"I have a toothache that is breaking my heart, and I think that I ought to have a fang drawn; but, you see, I haven't been to a dentist since I was a boy, and I want to ask you a few questions before you go to work."

"I WANT TO KNOW!"

"Go ahead."

"I want to know whether you prop a man's jaws apart with an iron wedge and then tell him to 'look pleasant, please.'"

"Certainly we don't."

"I want to know whether you fasten one hand in the victim's hair and brace a knee against his throat, and then draw his tooth as though you were pulling the cork from a beer bottle with a corkscrew."

"Why, that would be murder; you feel no pain at all."

"That's what the dentist told me when I was a boy. I want to know whether you use a jimmy to draw a tooth when the pincers fail, and also whether you will replace, free of charge, any sections of the jaw that may be removed during the operation."

"We won't hurt you at all."

"Then you may go ahead; but I have a friend at the foot of the stairway. He is a larger man than I am, and he can punch a hole through a stove lid; and if I yell once he is coming up here eight steps at a time to knock down the ceiling with you. Do you want to go ahead?"

"I am afraid not; you had better go up street to the veterinary surgeon."

—Hood's Sarsaparilla, the king of medicines, conquers scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism and all other blood diseases. Hood's and only Hood's.

An Opinion From the South.

We are utterly unable to comprehend the principle which guided the Ways and Means committee in framing the new tariff bill. A determination to impose taxes on imports so that one set of men in the United States may be protected at the expense of all other citizens of the United States is a most vicious principle on which to found legislation, but it is a perfectly intelligible one.—Richmond Times.

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WHO of the many Blade readers wants a new set of Upholstered Furniture?

The Illustrated New Era is willing this year one hundred sets (five pieces each) of Upholstered Furniture as premiums, valued at $44.50 per set. Send for free sample copy. Also, if you want pictures of the furniture, send 4 cent stamp. The Illustrated New Era, 717 Erie St., Toledo, O.

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1893.

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 108,000

VOLUME SIXTY-TWO.

With this week's issue, the Weekly Blade begins its sixty-second volume. It has been, for half that time, a great national newspaper, circulating in the homes of the American people in every state and territory of the United States. It has been a weekly messenger, freighted with store of good things for all the members of the home, and striving to teach the lessons of good citizenship and true Americanism. It has been a newspaper for every American citizen, recognized by millions as the best of its kind. It is perhaps needless to say that it shall be kept up to that high level. We believe in progress, and The Blade shall be progressive, liberal and patriotic in the future as it has been in the past. It bids every reader a "Merry Christmas," and sends to each its heartiest wishes for health, happiness and prosperity for the New Year, so soon to open.

THE M'KINLEY TARIFF LAW.

We are having many calls for the present tariff law—the "McKinley law." We have it printed in newspaper form, four pages the size of the Weekly Blade, giving the bill in full, with the changes it made from the law of 1888. We will send a copy by mail, postpaid, for FOUR CENTS (two 2-cent stamps), or two copies for five cents. Address, "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

PLEASED WITH THE BOOK.

The readers of the Weekly Blade, who have already received their copies of the "Nasby Letters," are thoroughly pleased with the volume. Below we give some recent letters on the subject:

Irving, Ill., Dec. 12.—Publishers Blade: —The "Nasby Letters" to hand. To say that I am pleased with them would be putting it lightly. I have the small book of 64 pages, which was printed at Indianapolis, Ind., by O. O. Perrine & Co. in 1864. I was in the hospital in New Albany, Ind., in the spring of 1865, and while there I bought the book; when I was discharged I brought it home with me, and I have it now. I wish every old soldier would send to you for the Weekly Blade and the "Nasby Letters." It would do them good to read both. The "Nasby Letters" I would not part with, if I could not get another copy, and I hope that you will send out one hundred thousand more at least. Yours. J. B. WILLIAMS.

Grafton, W. Va., Dec. 12.—Publishers Blade:—The book, "Nasby Letters," is at hand and I am very much pleased with it. Please accept my thanks for it. Yours respectfully, F. M. STONE.

Junction City, Ore., Dec. 6.—Publishers Blade:—I am much pleased with the "Nasby Letters," and thank you for it. While it is amusing, it is also instructive. Yours, DAVID HASLER.

Lamberton, Minn., Dec. 12.—Publishers Blade:—The "Nasby Letters" was received last Saturday. It was like meeting with an old friend. I was always an earnest reader and admirer of those letters, and they bear rereading and are always enjoyable. Yours fraternally,
W. H. BOHANNAN, Editor Leader.

Markle, Ind., Dec. 10.—Publishers Blade: —I have received the "Nasby Letters" and after carefully reading the same I consider it one of the grandest books ever presented to the minds of the loyal and patriotic citizens of the United States, for its accuracy in writing up the underlying cussedness of a corrupt political ring, and also the double-refined cussedness of Bascom's wet grocery at "Confederate Corroods which is in the state of Kentucky." Would to God that the noble, patriotic D. R. Locke could have lived up to the present time, and continue to expose the Bascoms of to-day; for they are not only taking mortgages on real estate of the modern Pograms, Gavitts, et al., but are taking mortgages on their bodies, characters and all else pertaining to manliness. The devil is their attorney, hired with blood-money to close the mortgages in due time. I would call the attention of all comrades who read the "Nasby Letters" to their worth as a temperance lecture. They are the grandest and most sublime ever written in opposition to debauchery. Yours, truly, GEO. W. WATSON,
Co. G, 34th Regt. Ind. Vol. Inft.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

The Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph speaks of "A Fair Virginian," now running in The Blade, in the following enthusiastic manner:

"The Toledo Blade is printing a serial story by David Lowry, the well-known newspaper man of this city. The story is entitled 'A Fair Virginian,' and its historical incidents are true to the facts. The protest of the people of Pittsburg against Secretary Floyd's order to remove the ordnance from the Allegheny arsenal forms an interesting local chapter. A well-told love story also runs through the serial."

A HUMILIATING FIZZLE.

Mr. Cleveland has thrown up his hand. The latest official dispatches from Minister Willis have convinced him that the Queen can not be restored without the use of force; and stubborn as is the chumpy incumbent of the White House, he dare not usurp the prerogative of Congress to declare war. For once he has to bow to public opinion—or "public clamor," as he phrases it. He confesses defeat, and will unload the whole matter upon Congress, and direct Minister Willis to do nothing.

This is a galling defeat for the administration. Its first important attempt to handle foreign affairs has resulted in a humiliating failure. And this is all the more humiliating because the preposterous attempt to reimpose the monarchy upon the Hawaiians was entered upon to discredit the Harrison administration, and to reverse its policy as completely as possible. Gresham shares with his master the odium of the attempt to champion a rotten monarchy and the ridicule that attaches to its complete failure.

Congress will talk, and talk, and talk, and then—do nothing. The annexation project is dead, at least for this administration. The republic of Hawaii will be left to take care of itself. If the partisans of Liliuokalani attempt an insurrection, President Dole's government will deal with it without intereference from the United States. All that Minister Willis will do or can do is to protect the persons and property of American citizens.

BREAKING UP SALOONS.

One of the strongest holds the saloon, as an institution, has upon the masses, is its social feature. A man finds there warmth, light and companionship. In fact the plea has been many times made that the saloon is the "poor man's club." It is a pleasure to note that the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway is furnishing rooms at the division stations on its line for the Railroad Y. M. C. A., and the experiment has proved that the association's rooms are a decided detriment to the saloons.

President Ingalls, of that road, made a speech at the opening of the association's rooms at Clifton Forge, W. Va., a few days ago, which shows the value of the work, and incidentally how a telling blow has been dealt at the saloons thereby. He confessed that at first he did not think the association could be productive of very much good. However, the company furnished rooms to the Railroad Y. M. C. A. as an experiment, and he said, "from doubters we have become great believers." The rooms filled a want among the people, and especially among the railway employes. Mr. Ingalls went on:

I stopped the other night at Handley; we have established there, with the help of the employes, a building which the members of this association can go; they can obtain a fair meal for a nominal sum; they get a lunch for a very moderate sum; a cup of coffee for five cents; they have, as I looked over the table the other night, nearly all the literature of the country to read; good books and sleeping rooms. I stopped there the other night, as I said; about as bad a night as you find in the summer. It was raining hard, and as I went into the building it was lighted up and it looked cheerful and comfortable. It looked a little brighter than my own club, where I occasionally go at Cincinnati—more homelike and pleasant. Now, that is exactly what that building is. It is a clubroom for the men who stop there. There are not many of our men who live at Handley, and the Y. M. C. A. there is room for men who lay over at Handley on their turns.

As to the effect on the saloons, he instanced Hinton, where the company had erected one of its association buildings, and said that for a year it made Hinton a "dry" town. Nearly every saloon was closed. A few struggling ones are there now, but they are not so flourishing as they used to be. Men frequently go to the saloons because they have no better place to go. They are the most comfortable places in some of the towns—often more comfortable than the men's homes. They will go there unless some place equally comfortable is provided. Mr. Ingalls continued his account of the effect of the association on the saloons as follows:

Why did we break up the saloons at Hinton? Simply because our employes took hold of the Young Men's Christian Association building and made it their club room. It was so much better than any of the saloons that it ended the saloons. They lost their patronage, and I hope that will be the result here in Clifton Forge; and the chances will be no use for the beer saloons or the whisky saloons, but that the people who wish the comforts of a good fire and a book to read will come to the building instead of going to them. The association at Gladstone has been as productive of good as those at Hinton and Handley, I am told, although I have not visited it so much, and we hope in time to establish the association building at every terminal on the road. What we want to do is to do something practical, so that our men will be better cared for, will be better rested, will save their money, and then they will do better by us.

The lesson is that there is a very large class of workingmen who frequent saloons because they have no other place to go. It will not do to dismiss this with a curt "Let them spend their time at home," for there are thousands and tens of thousands of young men who live in boarding houses. And, with all, whether married or single, the gregarious instinct asserts itself, and leads men to mingle with their fellow-men. Hence we reach the conclusion that, as a factor in the problem of the abolition of the saloon, there must be the question of supplying something in its place which will cater to the social needs of the masses. No more striking instance of success in that line has come under our observation than the result of the establishment of Railway Y. M. C. A. rooms at Hinton. Would it not be well for those engaged in the great crusade against the dominance of the saloon to try what can be done along this line as part of the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Porter?

STORM CONGRESS!

The wageworkers of the United States can defeat the Wilson bill if they will unite for that purpose, and make their demand known in the proper way, through petitions to Congress. The Democrats in the House are by no means satisfied with the bill. It is a miserable hodge-podge, leaving some articles protected, cutting the duties on others below the line of protection, and making still other articles free.

The Ways and Means committee has already been patching the bill, because of the energetic representatives of men engaged in certain industries. But why should one article be protected, and protection denied to another, or to all others? That is the worst and most offensive form of class legislation possible to devise.

Every Democratic Representative is justified in refusing to vote for a measure of this character. It is "neither flesh, nor fowl, nor good red herring." And every Representative is justified in voting against a measure that discriminates against the industries and products of his own district and state, and protects those of other states or sections.

The present situation certainly must convince any intelligent man that the tariff question is primarily one of work and wages. Capital can change to other lines or other investments, but the workingman can not easily do so. To furnish work for our million of idle workingmen, and to maintain the rate of wages, we must have protection. It is in the power of Congress to defeat the Wilson bill, and thus maintain protection.

Let the labor organizations of all kinds take up this matter. Do it at once! Petitions should be prepared and signed at once, and be forwarded to the Representative from the Congressional district in which the signers reside. Those prepared in this district should be addressed to "Hon. Byron F. Ritchie, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C."

"Buffalo Bill" is credited with the intention of running for governor of Nebraska next year. If he runs as well as he rides a broncho, he will get there, sure.

This week should see thousands of petitions from workingmen for the rejection of the Wilson bill pouring in upon the Congressmen from all sides.

Gen. Sickles denouncing the President's pension policy is too late. The general should have spoken before the election in 1892.

If the Democrats really want to hold the Senate, Texas is good for about three more states.

The sharpest protest against the Wilson bill yet has been made by the razor men.

THAT HAWAIIAN MESSAGE.

The style of Cleveland's Hawaiian message is a reminiscence of his early days at the bar. It reminds one of the plea of a lawyer by no means sure of his case. He even resorts to the time-worn advice—"if you have no case, abuse the opposing counsel"—in this case, ex-Minister Stevens. He tells the story of the revolution in Hawaii, giving Blount and the protest of the deposed queen as his authorities. He assumes to find that the revolution would never have been begun had not Mr. Stevens favored it as a means to annexation; that it would not have been successful had not United States marines been landed—which he declares "was an act of war;" and that the queen would not have yielded to the revolutionists had not the American minister recognized the provisional government, and thus "put her and her adherents in the position of opposition against lawful authority."

We shall not stop to discuss the difference between these statements and those of the Hawaiian commissioners, of ex-Minister Stevens, and others just as worthy of credence as is Col. James S. Blount, of Georgia, the commissioner whom he sent with "paramount" authority. It matters not which story is correct, or whether the truth lies between the two extremes which these differing statements represent. The matter of interest to the American people is not a dispute as to the facts concerning the revolution, but what Mr. Cleveland did in the matter, and what he now proposes.

Mr. Cleveland sent Minister Willis with instructions to restore the monarchy—but insisted that Queen Liliuokalani should grant a general amnesty to all concerned in the revolution, and should recognize "all its bona fide acts." Here is where the scheme failed. The semi-savage queen refused point-blank to agree to the conditions. She was told that if she did not do so Mr. Cleveland could not restore her, but she yet remained stubborn. Consequently Willis sent home for instructions, and the provisional government was not officially informed of the President's views and purposes.

Being thus brought to a point where he could do no more without transcending his constitutional powers, Mr. Cleveland turns the whole matter over to Congress, and asks it to find some way of getting the administration out of the hole—assuring that body he will be gratified if they can discover some method of so doing "which is consistent with American honor, integrity and morality."

Mr. Cleveland—probably urged thereto by the headstrong Gresham—went farther than he had any right to do. He clearly had the right and the power to reject the treaty of annexation. But he had no more right to go back of the 4th of March, 1893, and attempt to undo an official act of his predecessor than he has to issue an order rescinding Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, for example. The revolution in Hawaii occurred in January. Mr. Cleveland's views as to what the executive should have done may have disagreed with Mr. Harrison's, but the latter was President, and Mr. Cleveland had no responsibility for his acts. His blunder—and it was a colossal one—was in endeavoring to go back of his own administration in his endeavors to "fix things."

What was the status at the time of his inauguration? The provisional government had been recognized by the United States; Minister Thurston had been recognized as its accredited representative; a treaty of annexation had been drawn, and was pending in the Senate. There was but one thing Cleveland could do with propriety—to withdraw the treaty, and reject the overtures for annexation. This he did. Beyond that, he was a meddler—and like all meddlers, he bungled things horribly.

There is but one thing Congress can do "consistent with American honor." That is, to leave things just as they are, refuse to meddle in Hawaii's internal affairs, and let the two parties settle it between themselves without any interference. If the Queen's adherents are able to restore that half-breed wanton, let them do it; if the provisional government can maintain itself, let it do so. We have not the smallest doubt but it can and will. For Congress to deliberately restore the monarchy by an act of war would be an act of brutal tyranny; though there is no doubt Mr. Cleveland wishes it to do this, despite his gabble of "American honor, integrity and morality."

But Congress owes it to the American people to make an exhaustive investigation into the issue of fact between ex-Minister Stevens and President Cleveland. The latter charges the former with proceedings which constitute an international crime. If he be innocent, a vindication is due him; if guilty, let his guilt be shown clearly.

HORNBLOWER'S NOMINATION.

The fight in the Senate against the confirmation of Mr. Hornblower as Associate Justice of the Supreme ourt is led by David B. Hill, and its purpose is revenge on Hornblower for fighting Maynard, and to win a victory over Cleveland, if possible. This phase of the matter is one of indifference to us; but we do not believe Hornblower to be a proper man for the position. He is nothing but a "corporation lawyer," and his appointment is as bad a one in its way as was the selection of a railroad attorney for Attorney General. It is a pity that the Senate opposition is not led by a man whose motives are higher than those of Senator Hill.

The averments made by Hill, however, should be carefully examined. They are that Hornblower's judicial antecedents are not good, that he is not fair-minded, and that the Appellate court of New York has criticised him for illegal procedure and unfairness as referee. The case in which this occurred was one involving over $2,000,000—that of Griggs against the executors of Commodore Garrison. Hornblower made a report as referee in which the plaintiff was awarded $188,000. It went to the Court of Appeals, and in his decision Chief Justice Gray declared that "a careful study of the record has satisfied me that the judgment appealed from is both illegal and unjust." Other criticisms were made on the judgment. On such a showing, Hornblower ought to go.

Starving Michigan miners have petitioned Congress to keep the duty on iron ore. But what does Professor Wilson know about starvation? There is nothing in his book of political economy except sunshine and the good salary of a college professor or a member of Congress.

LEAVE PROTECTION ALONE!

The last week in November we gave in these columns an "Open Letter to President Cleveland," on the Wilson tariff bill. A subscriber sends the following communication on the subject, which is so good that we give it entire:

Editor Blade:—I beg leave to take issue with you on your "Open Letter to President Cleveland." Does not any man or woman who can read and think know that no country ever enjoyed such prosperity as had the United States from 1862 to 1892? For, in that time, the wealth of the country was raised from fourteen billion dollars to sixty-four billions.

Never in the history of civilization was labor so well remunerated, and the laborer so well housed, fed, clothed, or enjoyed so many luxuries. And more, a day's labor never had such a purchasing power as in 1892.

During the above-named period of 30 years the ratio of wages to their purchasing power was, at the most liberal estimate, raised from about as 12 to 7 to 7 to 12, as shown by the following diagram:

Labor of 1846 to 1862.	Purchas'g Power, do
Labor of 1892.	Purchas'g Power, do

The year 1892 will be chronicled as the most prosperous year the United States ever enjoyed. And yet, with all of this array of facts, there was a certain set of calamity howlers, made up of "lawyers without clients, doctors without patients, preachers without pulpits, farmers without farms, financiers without finance, educators without education, women without husbands, and statesmen out of a job," who went abroad throughout the length and breadth of our then happy and prosperous country, preaching the gospel of discontent to the poor, down-trodden, oppressed (?) farmers and laborers, until they made them believe that everybody was going to destruction except the protected manufacturer, and all on account of the iniquitous tariff.

And now, as there was nothing concealed from the voter, did he not vote intelligently, knowing what the Democratic party solemnly pledged itself to do? Did not every voter know exactly what Mr. Cleveland was before he voted that Mr. Cleveland was an avowed free trader? And did not every soldier and friend of the soldier know the candidate's attitude toward the veterans? Did not all know Mr. Cleveland's autocratic, un-American principles? Surely no people were ever better informed on the principles for which they were voting. They certainly were all cognizant of the facts. Therefore, as there is a certain class of people who will learn in no other school than that of sad experience, and that we may eventually return to a more stable and permanent basis of true American protection and prosperity, I propose that they have the object lesson, for at least four years, which I think would be sufficient to give the protectionists a permanent lease of power for another thirty years—until another generation grows up (and foreigners come in) "who know not Joseph."

Hence I say, let the powers that be alone; rather compel them to fulfill their promises and let the voters abide the consequences. "For we called, and they refused; we stretched out our hands, and no man regarded; but they set at naught all our counsel, and would none of our reproof; we will laugh at their calamity; we will mock when their fear cometh; when their fear cometh as a desolation and their destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish come upon them."—Prov. 1. 24-27. Respectfully,
JACOB G. MATLICK.

We find ourselves utterly unable to agree with our correspondent. If no one were to be injured by the Wilson tariff bill but those who voted the Democratic ticket at the election of 1892, it might be advisable to allow the object-lesson to proceed, carrying out the spirit of Poor Richard's saying, "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other." But the evils that must follow the reversal of the policy of protection will not fall alone upon them. Every person in the United States will be affected.

As The Blade has frequently pointed out, it is not only those employed in the so-called "protected" industries who will be injured. The rate of wages paid in all occupations will be reduced, for these reasons: the volume of imported goods will be enormously increased; this will mean a reduction in the total amount of our own manufactures, and consequently a less number of employes will be needed. Those who are thus deprived of work will endeavor to find it in other occupations, and they will be willing to accept very low wages to secure work, rather than face starvation. The result of this will be a general reduction in salaries and wages, in all occupations, of whatever kind. We look for a tumble in the wage-rate within the next year, that will put our workingmen on the low-tariff scale prevalent in the last years of the '50's.

The wages of those retained in establishments which have to compete with foreign manufacturers will have to be scaled down to the European standard. This ought to be clear to every one now. Already some establishments have notified their employes that this must necessarily follow, and there is hardly a day that similar notice is not given in some establishment unfavorably affected by the Wilson tariff bill.

What is the thing to do?

The wage-workers of the country should appeal to Congress. Every person, no matter what his occupation, who has to depend on his wages or his salary for support, should prepare a petition asking for the rejection of the Wilson bill, and that Congress shall leave protection alone, circulate it for signatures, and forward it to his Representative in Congress.

The Ways and Means committee refused to hear manufacturers and others whose business would be injured by a low-tariff bill. Let the wage-workers appeal to Congress, and see if it will not heed the remonstrance. Petitions should pour in upon the House by the thousand. The Representatives are the servants of their constituents, and instructions to "let protection alone," conveyed to them in this manner, may be all that is needed to bring them to a right decision.

CURING ANARCHY.

Editor Blade:—Why does not The Blade advocate the calling together a congress of all the nations, to decide what to do with their overproduction of anarchists? They might utilize some uninhabited island, send them to it, with a liberal supply of dynamite, and await developments.
J. T. M.
Toledo, Dec. 13.

Even were the scheme practical—which it certainly is not—it would not be a radical remedy. It might dispose of those who are now anarchists, but it would not prevent the evolution of others. The conditions which produce anarchists are existent, else we would have none. The subject is one which can not be disposed of in a flippant paragraph. It is a social problem of the most difficult character. Our own view is that the anarchist is the necessary product of an overcrowded population. He is produced only in thronged cities. The keen competition is too much for him; either through his environment, or because he is in some way more or less handicapped in the struggle, he fails in achievement, and then turns for relief to the false theory that law is the source of all his grievances and misfortunes. Often he is naturally lazy, and frequently of a criminal bent of mind. But his existence is an ugly fact, and no social philosopher has yet found a plan that will prevent his evolution.

Those letters from Willis which the people want to see, are withheld because they are "confidential." How can state papers be "confidential?" In these suppressed letters are no doubt the very things the public has been aching to know about.

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

Read the Announcement of Our Grand Premium Offer.

On the fifth page will be found the announcement of the most important premium offer ever made by The Blade—and one that is most welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the people at large, who have ben asking for the "Nasby Letters" in book form for many years. We have spent much time and labor on this book, besides the great aggregate expense of printing and binding so many thousand copies. We hope that every subscriber will renew and get a copy under this offer.

A few weeks before the expiration of your subscription, you will receive a postal card, which if returned with one dollar for your renewal will be received as a due-bill for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," which will be sent postpaid, free of all charge. We do this in order to facilitate our work in entering names and sending the book. It takes far less labor to care for each month's renewals during that month than to let them run over into the next month.

Of course, we shall take care of new subscribers at the time they order. We can not send them postal card due-bills, nor fix a time wherein we prefer to receive their orders; but any new subscriber who sends us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," will have his order filled as soon as it is received. If you do not mention that you want the book, we shall consider that you do not want it. Send in your orders!

A FALSE STEP.

Why should the United States throw open its rich markets to all other countries, while her own exports have to pay protective duties to enter all civilized countries, save Great Britain alone? Why should we adopt an economic system which is followed by but one of the great nations of the world? Free trade has no powerful nations outside of the British Isles. Even her colonies, without exception, have adopted protection—New South Wales doing so last year, because her sister colony, Victoria, under protection, was prosperous and wealthy, while she, under free trade, was declining. All the nations of Continental Europe—save Belgium, we believe—have protective tariffs. Russia, France and Spain have lately made their tariffs more strongly protective.

The United States has prospered under protection as she never prospered under a tariff for revenue. The periods during which, through Democratic domination, we had low tariffs, were periods of stagnation of industry with the cities full of idle men. Free trade originated in the South, and directly from the slave system. These ignorant bondsmen could be best employed in raising cotton and sugarcane. The pro-slavery "statesmen" did not desire manufacturing, for that would bring among them a great mass of industrial workers, whom they feared as probable opponents of slavery and fomenters of mischief among the slaves. The Southern ideal was a country composed of landed aristocrats, who lived in affluence through the unpaid slave labor. They wanted no middle class, such as made the North great and powerful. They wanted to exchange their great staple, cotton, for what manufactured goods they wanted, and of course desired free trade. They wished to trade with England, for they hated the North because of the anti-slavery agitation.

Every low tariff the country has had was imposed on it by these Southern sectionalists, aided by the crawling subservience of the Northern Democrats. Slavery was swept away long ago, but the alleged "statesmen" of that section, with true Bourbon instinct, adhere to the free trade policy when its original reason has disappeared. The "new South" wants none of it. Governor McCorkle, of West Virginia, stoutly protests against the Wilson bill, because it will destroy the industries on which the people of that mountain state must rely. The people of the new manufacturing centers of Tennessee and Alabama protest against it. The shadow of its coming has paralyzed Northern industries, and filled our cities with starving men. Will not the partisan scales fall from the people's eyes, and they "call a halt" in tones that Congress will not dare disobey?

The right of petition is guaranteed them by the constitution. Let every unemployed man, every workingman, whether he has present employment or not, every citizen who believes in plenty of work at good wages as the best policy for the country, help to inundate Congress with petitions to defeat the Wilson bill, and conserve the protective principle. They made a mistake a year ago; but they have the power to instruct their Representatives anew. Let them exercise it!

HAWAII IN A FERMENT.

The news from Hawaii is of the highest importance. The provisional government is at last made aware of the purpose of Cleveland to reinstate the Queen, and is making every preparation to oppose such a step. The government house is fortified; no men are allowed to land from any foreign war vessel in Honolulu harbor without the consent of the government; and if Minister Willis makes any formal demand for the restoration of the monarchy, he will be given his exequatur, and the Queen made a prisoner of state.

Furthermore, it is believed there that a secret arrangement has been entered into between the President and the English government for the restoration of the monarchy. This has still further enraged the Americans on the islands, and matters are ripe for a bloody ending. It is to be hoped that the news brought by the Arawa will rouse every patriot in Congress to a realization of the unconstitutional usurpation of power of which the President has been guilty, that steps shall be at once taken to annul all that he has done, and all instructions not yet carried out.

The cotton yarn spinners have organized to fight the Wilson bill. How is this? Did not Mr Wilson say that free raw material was to help cotton manufacturing? These spinners are very foolish. Let them talk to Mr. Wilson.

What the Hawaiian queen appears to need most is a condensed code of morals.

Mr. Cleveland has the hearty support of the British press, anyhow.

White and still is the Christmas dawn
Gone are starlight and winter night,
And softly drifted on field and lawn,
O'er cliff and hollow, and road and town,
The snow is shining from sea to sea,
Highways and byways, all untrod,
By the busy footsteps yet to be,
In virgin beauty and stainless light,
The world lies, pure as a dream of God.

Daybreak comes in a line of gold,
Written low, like a mystic sign,
On the page of the east, and, fold on fold
The splendor rises, the glories shine.—
And the heights of Heaven seem stooping down
To the waiting earth, as the music swells
Of the first glad chiming of Christmas bells!

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

CHRISTMAS.

Next Monday the whole Christian world—and it comprises all that is highest and best in human civilization—will hold high festival in commemoration of the birth of Jesus. Almost nineteen hundred years have passed over this gray old earth since that "wonderful night" at Bethlehem, when the heavens over the Judean plains were filled with the song of the angels, heralding the advent of the Redeemer. The progress of the circling centuries has brought Christmas to be the pre-eminent festival of the children. It is eminently fit that this should be so. His coming in the form of a little child to the world of which He is the Redeemer, forever consecrated childhood.

Yes, Christmas is pre-eminently the children's festival! The season of rejoicing is made gladsome with the bright faces and eager voices of the little ones. To them it is the most joyous day of the rolling year, the high feast and holiday of the twelvemonth. Yet the Christmas of 1893 will be a gloomy one to tens of thousands in our land. Want and Misery stalk hand in hand through the streets of our cities, and the silver notes of the joy-bells of the Christmastide fall on ears dulled by suffering. It is a time when those who can should be imbued with the true spirit of Christmas—that of giving. As the festival commemorates the gift of a Savior to humanity, let us give as we may be able to those who are in need. Let us make the poor rejoice, and the hearts of the widow and the fatherless sing for joy. Thus shall we receive the blessing vouchsafed to the cheerful giver, whose gift cometh from the heart, and the Christmas season be indeed one of joy and consolation to us.

THAT "POLITICAL PRAYER."

We reprint, on the second page of this issue, the famous political prayer to "Almighty Cleveland," delivered in a Democratic county convention in Colorado, by Mr. Edward Croke, mayor of the town of Irwin. The demand for it is so great, and the requests for its republication are so numerous, that we are constrained to give it once more. If you want it preserve it now, for we shall never reprint it.

The issue of the Weekly Blade for November 30, which contained it, is entirely exhausted, and we can furnish no back numbers of that date.

Copies of this issue (Dec. 21) by mail, four cents; three copies, 10 cents. Order quickly if you want extra copies containing it, for they will soon be gone!

ADMITTING TERRITORIES.

The bills for the admission of Utah, Arizona and New Mexico recalls the traditional policy of the slave power in the days before the war, when it dominated the Democratic party. It is a historic fact that the annexation of Texas and the war with Mexico which followed, were engaged in to acquire territory contiguous to the slave states, which would make future slave commonwealths, and thus keep the slavery party in control of the government through its preponderance in the Senate. The Democratic party in Congress has favored the admission of Democratic territories, to increase its own representation in Congress; and has opposed the admission of Republican territories on the same ground. The refusal to admit the two Dakotas and Washington will be remembered as the latest example.

The same policy is being followed now. The question of the fitness of the three territories named for statehood does not enter into the calculations of the Democratic politicians. All are supposedly Democratic, and therefore are to be made states. They refuse to bring in a bill for the admission of Oklahoma, because it is believed to be Republican. As a matter of fact, Nevada and Utah should be thrown into one, and New Mexico and Arizona. Nevada has no element of growth outside of her mining industries; but, united with Utah, the reproach of her being nothing but "a mining camp" would be taken away. Arizona and New Mexico will probably always have a sparse population, and should be thrown together. No more "rotten borough" states should be made. Of course, these things will not be done. The three territories will be admitted. Fortunately, we are about at the end of this admitting territories as a political move. Oklahoma and the Indian Territory will then be all that is left, save Alaska—and the latter should never be made a state.

Mr. Cleveland, with subtlety and diplomacy, ignores a very important fact in his explanation of the failure of his proposed solution of the Hawaiian question. He says the action of the queen herself was the reason why Minister Willis failed. This is dodging the prime factor, which was that had any attempt to restore the queen been made, the provisional government would have resisted with arms, and the President would, have had to declare war, which he has no power to do. This seems to be the real reason why the policy has been given to Congress.

TO ALL OLD SOLDIERS.

We are just completing arrangements for one of the most remarkable features ever given the readers of The Blade. It will be of the greatest possible interest to every old soldier, and the children of soldiers. It will begin in the Weekly Blade early in January, and will we are sure create a genuine sensation. Further announcements will be made as the details of the plan are completed.

1887 AND 1893.

The Wilson low-tariff bill is the logical outcome of Mr. Cleveland's famous free trade message of 1887. It will be recalled that he devoted the entire document to this one subject. He demanded that Congress should reduce the tariff, because of the surplus in the Treasury. He made, in that connection, his famous statement that "it is a condition, and not a theory, which confronts us." The "condition" he stated thus:

Our surplus revenues have continued to accumulate, and the excess for the present year amounting on the first day of December to $55,258,701.19, and estimated to reach the sum of $113,000,000, on the 30th of June next, at which date it is expected that this sum, added to prior accumulation, will swell the surplus in the Treasury to $140,000,000.

Mr. Cleveland then propounded the theory that this withdrawal of the circulating medium of the country, which was locked in the Treasury vaults instead of being in the channels of commerce, worked a great injury to the people, and hence demanded tariff reduction and the extension of the free list.

Mr. Cleveland's theory, being shaped for practice in the Wilson bill, has resulted in a "condition" of the Treasury which is in sharp contrast to the one which confronted him in 1887. Instead of its overflowing with a surplus, there is a deficit in the revenues; the gold reserve is several millions smaller than it should be; the government's income is less than its expenditure. The Wilson bill, it is admitted by its framers, will not produce enough revenue by from fifty to seventy millions per year; and if it shall pass, it will be necessary to resort to some form of direct taxation by increasing internal revenue taxes, by an income tax or a stamp tax, to make up its deficiencies.

The condition of the country also presents as sharp a contrast with that existing in 1887. Then our industrial establishments were busy, trade was brisk, there was plenty of money in circulation, and the people were prosperous. Now our great industries are prostrate, money is piled up in the financial centers, trade is stagnant, and thousands—yea, a million—men are in enforced idleness.

This condition is the result of the preparations to carry out the recommendations of Mr. Cleveland's message of 1887. The Democratic organs make a weak attempt to declare it is the result of the McKinley bill. Every intelligent workingman knows better. That bill went into effect in 1891, and it improved our industrial condition. There was no jar, no idle time for anybody, in passing from the tariff law of 1883 to the McKinley law. The year 1892 was a prosperous one for every one—as prosperous as any year for a decade. There were no idle men, nor did every city have to organize charities to keep thousands from starving and freezing.

The Democratic party won in the Presidential and Congressional elections of 1892. Everybody understood that victory to mean a new low tariff law, and the elimination of protection. Every manufacturer whose business would be modified by a tariff change took in sail. It was not wisdom to manufacture a large stock of goods whose value would be affected, no one could tell how much. No wholesale dealer would lay in a large advance stock, for the same reason. No retailer would do it. Demand fell off, business slackened. Everybody began to curtail expenses, and get ready to meet the changes the Wilson bill would bring. The result we see around us to-day.

It is a condition that confronts us, not a theory; and the way to change it and restore prosperity is to defeat the Wilson bill, and leave protection alone!

The newly-elected President of Switzerland, Emil Frey, is a veteran of the war of the rebellion. After graduating at the University of Jena with honors, he took up the study of agriculture, and came to the United States to study our methods. In the spring of 1861 he was engaged on an Illinois farm. When Sumter was fired upon, he volunteered as a private. He rose from grade to grade, was captured at Gettysburg, sojourned in Libby and other Southern prisons, was exchanged in 1865, and honorably mustered out at the close of the war as captain, and major by brevet. He returned to Switzerland, entered politics, and became a man of influence in his native land. Now he is President of the Swiss Confederation. The republic he helped to preserve has none but the warmest wishes for him.

Queen Lil's head is still so swelled that her crown won't fit her.

Tammany must be hard up. Richard Croker is talking.

IN LABOR'S DOMAIN.

Grand Haven, Mich., reports the disappearance of whitefish in Lake Michigan.

At Jellico, Tenn., tannery employes get $1 for a day of eleven and a half hours.

The "Pennsy" burns 10,000 tons of coal a day between Jersey City and Pittsburg.

Greenville (N. J.) suspender makers, averaging $5 a week, struck against a cut.

A New Britain hosiery mill, with 120 hands, has introduced the eight hour day.

Toronto union musicians says they are not properly treated by unions in other trades.

Bath launched last week the first steel merchant vessel ever constructed in Maine.

Dubuque unions have presented men for state labor commissioner and oil inspector.

Kansas City has a lawsuit that is to decide whether 2,240 or 2,000 pounds make a ton.

A local framer has been fined $50 by the union for working at wages below the union scale.

There is widespread complaint against the employment of foreigners in our navy yards.

Governor Fishback, of Arkansas, says the government engineers sent out from West Point.

Prison made brooms are on the Columbus market, minus label, and free men are indignant.

"Parlor conferences" are held by leading St. Paul women to devise means to aid the poor.

La Grande, Ore., is offered five cents per thousand gallons for water, by a railroad company.

Chiefs Arthur and Sargent investigated the grievances of trainmen at St. Louis recently.

An editor in Germany got eight months for calling men "scabs" who took the places of strikers.

Gray's Harbor City, Washington, has 100 buildings, one that cost $20,000, but the town is deserted.

Charles Porth, of Cleveland, has invented a new typesetting machine that will be sold at a low price.

Lowell Knights of Labor have got up a series of questions that local candidates for office must answer satisfactorily. The organization will demand of the legislature the enforcement of the eight hour law on state work.

All East Rochester (N. H.) mills have resumed. They run five days a week and eight hours daily.

Lake Carriers' association met at Cleveland, and declared against any change in the tariff on ore.

Two young women arrived at Albany the other day, after walking 22 miles in search of work.

There are dozens of dead and dying towns along the Mississippi river between St. Paul and St. Louis.

Detroit unions insist that residents shall be given the preference in employing men to erect the high school.

Weavers who were prominent in a strike a year past, are now being discharged by a manufacturer of Lowell.

Minimum wages of Cleveland iron molders is $2 a day. A fight against their union may cause a strike.

Detroit's Trades' council has indorsed Senator Butler's bill providing for the government ownership of railroads.

Bridgeport's Central Labor union has decided to aid the United Garment Workers in the fight against sweat clothing.

Organized grocers at Grand Rapids hold a meeting to decide upon a general course of action with their unemployed customers.

New Haven has a Russian and a Scandinavian school that are largely attended, but the attendance at the English school is light.

Indianapolis is creating work for the idle, and the Commercial club takes the census of the unemployed men in order to aid them in securing work.

United States authorities are investigating the case of flint glass workers, who, it is said, are at Syracuse, in violation of the contract labor law.

Women are being engaged to take the place of men waiters at St. Louis, and parades, indignation meetings and boycott circulars are the result.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Johann Strauss is writing a new comic opera.

The Fay Templeton Opera company is holding forth in Dixie.

Alfred Grunfeld is giving piano recitals in the principal cities of Russia.

Saint-Saens's new comic opera, Phryne, has made a notable success at Brest.

Rosenthal, the pianist, is entertaining French and English audiences this season.

Hans von Bulow is recovering and may soon be again actively engaged as a conductor.

Schumann's only opera, Genovera, is to be sung in London by the Royal College of Music.

The latest musical prodigy is a fourteen-year-old fiddler, an Italian, named Giovanni Monleone.

An eminent young Spanish pianist, Albert Jonas, will appear in this country during the winter.

The new Polish pianist, Josef Silvinski, is good

Publishers' Column.

WANT A WATCH?

Then Here Is Your Golden Opportunity.

Do you want a watch? If you do, you want a good one. In these days of excellent watches you cannot afford to carry a poor one. The Elgin and Waltham watches represent the perfection of mechanical skill and artistic beauty. They are recognized the world over as the finer timepieces that have yet been devised. These are the watches that we offer to you, and at prices far below those charged in shops.

When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if at the end of three days he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches can be sent C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

Here are the watches we offer. All are stem winders and setters:

Offer No. 1—The Toledo Blade Special.

GOLD WATCH, MEN'S SIZE, $16.75.

This watch is exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in everything except the expense. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. The ring, joints, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear, are solid gold. The works contain a regulator so plain that a child can work it, seven valuable jewels, compensating expansion balance, safety pinion, non-winding and setting apparatus. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to Blade subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all the watches for his friends. Price of either Open Face or Hunting Case, delivered, $16.75.

NO. 11-2—BLADE EXTRA.

Gold Watch, Men's Size, $14.50.

For a short time we will sell No. 1½ for $14.50. It is the same as No. 1 in looks. This case is guaranteed to be gold-filled and good for 15 years' wear. We will send it to any Blade subscriber in hunting case only, including free delivery, for $14.50.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size.

GOLD WATCH, $14.35.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin gold-filled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate timekeeper, just like a $150 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 15 years. Watch clubs have been selling this watch for $38. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.35.

Offer No. 3—Men's Size.

OPEN-FACE GOLD WATCH—$12.

No. 3 is a magnificent gold-filled open face watch, with Waltham or Elgin works, seven jewels, expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. Purchasers can easily get $25 for this watch in cash or exchange. The manufacturers guarantee the case to wear 15 years. Price, by registered mail, $12.

Offer No. 4—Men's Size.

WALTHAM OR ELGIN—$5.50.

No. 4 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting, and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 5—Lady's Size.

SOLID GOLD WATCH—$22.50.

No. 5 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14 k. solid gold. Each watch is a stem-winder and setter, with compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant time-piece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for $22.50.

Offer No. 6—Lady's Size.

GOLD WATCH—$13.25.

No. 6 is a seven-jeweled lady's watch, in an engraved hunting case, either Waltham or Elgin movement, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers good for at least 15 years' wear. It is a magnificent time-keeper, and usually sold at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.25.

Offer No. 8—Blade Special.

Open face or hunting case, Waltham or Elgin works. It has the appearance and most of the good qualities of a $200 watch. The movement for works) contains 15 jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator, and all the latest improvements. The case is the thinnest filled watch case ever made; that is, the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The case of the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint, plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, and all others who wish an accurate timekeeper. As a present it cannot be excelled. It is so thin and convenient in form that it will even make a good and satisfactory ladies' watch, and is especially recommended for school teachers and other professional women on account of its accuracy, which is equaled by no watch made especially for ladies.

We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail, to any of our subscribers for $22.00.

No. 9—"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham.

FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, adjusted double-sunk dial. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Gold-filled 15-yr. hunting case (engraved)	$22 00
Gold-filled 15-yr. case, open face (engraved)	18 50
In solid coin silver case (3 oz.), open face or hunting	17 25
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face	12 25

No. 10—In Honor of Columbus—The Waltham World's Fair Extra.

GOLD WATCH, ELEGANT GOLD-ENAMELED DIAL, NO. 1492. PRICE, $20.

No. 1492 is a magnificent Waltham watch, named and numbered in honor of Columbus, and has the famous, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, etc. It has a beautiful genuine gold-enameled dial, with Arabic figures, which gives to the watch the appearance of a $300 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14k. gold in two plates, stiffened between with a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 20 years. The ring, joint plugs, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. Price, $20 in hunting case and $19 in open face.

"THE LIMITED."

14k. Gold-Filled Watch, Men's Size Hunting Case—No. 2487, Price $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. No. 2487 has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensating expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train ($8,000 beats to the hour) and all the latest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

Ladies' Size Hunting Case 14k. Gold-Filled Watch—No. 2488, Price $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. It is a most attractive watch, especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price, delivered, $12.50.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

WATCH CHAINS.

In appearance, there is no difference between a rolled gold chain worth $10, and a solid gold chain worth $100; and really there is no difference after half a lifetime's wear. So many of our watch buyers desire us to supply them with chains, that we have arranged to supply gold filled chains, which for many years' wear are fully equal to solid gold. They are all guaranteed to wear five years, if properly used. The prices below include free safe delivery:

No. 1—Men's rolled gold filled "trace" chain	$1 00
No. 2—Men's heavy rolled gold filled "cable" chain	1 50
N. 3—Men's stylish chain, rolled gold filled, long and short links combined	4 50
No. 4—Men's seamless gold filled "rope" chain	4 75
No. 5—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, extra rolled gold plated	1 25
No. 6—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, extra rolled gold plated	1 35
No. 7—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, solid gold	4 00
No. 8—Lady's solid 14k gold Victoria watch chain and charm, usual retail price $12; our price	8 00

We deliver these chains free by mail to any subscriber of The Blade on receipt of the above prices. The higher-priced filled chains are guaranteed to wear 20 years. The solid gold chain will of course wear forever. Address all orders and remittances to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It Is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver, the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. It can be engraved with monogram or initials, like silver.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
½ dozen table knives	2.25
1 dozen table knives	4.25

These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everybody can have a good copy at a very low price. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

1. The Roman Chariot Race.
2. The Retreat From Moscow.
3. "Diana or Christ?"
4. Napoleon at Friedland.
5. Christ Before Pilate.
6. The Grand Canal of Venice.
7. The Horse Fair.
8. Columbus at the Court of Spain.
9. The Landing of Columbus.
10. Theory of Columbus Rejected in the Council of Salamanca.
11. Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee.
12. The Russian Wedding Feast.
13. Home from the First Voyage.
14. The First Love Letter.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Latest Volumes to be Found on the Blade Book Table.

Among the beautiful gift books of the season none surpass those published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. Among them are the following:

"The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," that most powerful and imaginative poem by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. There are 20 full-page drawings accompanying the text, done in outline, by Sir Noel Paton, in a masterly manner, the whole making a beautiful volume.

"Our Colonial Homes" is another of these works. This is by Samuel Adams Drake, the author of the "Old Landmarks of Boston." Among the houses described are the ancient church in Hingham, Mass.; the Witch House in Salem, the Wayside Inn in Sudbury, the Old Indian House at Deerfield, and the Old Stone House at Guilford, Conn. These are, as the author says, stepping stones of history, and full of interest to everybody.

A third is "Periwinkle," a poem by Julia C. R. Dorr. This volume is illustrated by drawings in charcoal by Zulma De Lacy Steele, which are full of character and originality. The poem itself is one of beauty, full of sunshine and love of nature, and when united with these full-page pictures in half tones, the result is a superbe volume, just adapted to the holidays.

The Poems of William Watson appear in a new edition, rearranged by the author with additions. Macmillan & Co., Publishers, New York city.

"The Delectable Duchy" by "Q.," author of "The Splendid Spur," "Dead Man's Rock," etc., contains a number of interesting tales, fantasies and legends by this author. Macmillan & Co., Publishers, New York city.

"St. Nicholas" for 1893 appears in a beautiful and cheery cover of scarlet and gold, and in the same publishers, the Century company, comes also the bound volume of the Century Magazine, bound in Bronze and gold. The Century Co., New York city.

In Harper's Black and White Series comes "Travels in America 100 Years Ago," by Thomas Twining. It gives a picture of this country as it was in those days, or as it appeared to this visitor, that is very entertaining.

Harper & Brothers, New York, also publish in a handy little volume "Everybody's Guide to Music," with illustrated chapters on singing and cultivation of the voice, full and explicit helps to the piano and organ, and a complete dictionary of musical terms. The author is Josiah Booth.

I the lovely "Pedlo Library," published by Hurst & Co., New York city, "A Short Account of the Life and Works of Wagner," by Edward Francis. These are little pocket volumes bound in white and figured cloth and in plain tops.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, issue a more elaborate Holiday Bulletin than ever before. It fills 40 large octavo pages, 20 of which are given to descriptions of new books—especially of "The Autocrat," "Deep Haven," and other illustrated gift books—and pictures from these and other volumes, with portraits of several well-known authors. The remaining pages are devoted to classified lists of books of Essays, Fiction, History, Biography, Travel, etc., selected from the catalogue of this house. The Bulletin has an attractive cover, brilliant with some of the charming designs made by Walter Crane for Mrs. Deland's "Old Garden."

Marie Corelli, who has written some remarkably strong stories that received approval which was measureable in large editions, has invaded the field of the historical novelist with a story entitled "Barabbas," in which she tries to present the scenes incident to the trial and crucifixion of Jesus. The story begins with the imprisonment of Barabbas, the robber, whom the Jews preferred to the great Nazarene, and ends with his conversion to Christianity. Marie Corelli is the idealist rather than a writer of the realistic school, and she treats her historical subject accordingly. The story of "Barabbas" is interesting throughout, and not at all irreverent. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

"Six Boys," by Elizabeth W. Champney, has just been issued by Estes & Lauriat, of Boston. The story is calculated to win and hold the interest of young people of almost any age. The proverbially mischievous minister's son puts in an early appearance, and his desire to keep the popularity which he enjoys leads him to allow a dear friend to suffer for a fault not his own. Popularity so won, soon grows intolerable, however, the fault is confessed, and all ends well.

"A Dog of Flanders and Other Stories" is the title of four charming tales from the pen of Louise de la Ramé (Ouida.) The title story is a pathetic narration of the love of a poor boy for a dog. The titles of other stories are: "Provence Rose," "A Leaf in the Storm," and "A Branch of Lilac." The stories are all charmingly illustrated. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

Anecdotes and reminiscences of W. R. Le Fanu is a delightful and entertaining volume, published by MacMillan & Co., "Seventy Years of Irish Life," being Publishers, New York city.

"On Sunny Shores," by Clinton Scollard, illustrated by Margaret Sanders Randolph, has been published as a companion volume to his popular "Under Summer Skies," the two works complementing each other. The charm of style and daintiness of touch shown in the former book of travels is more than maintained. The reader is carried in a jaunty way along the Wye river, to "Ambleside," down the Neckar, through the Tyrol, over the Splugen, and tarries for a season at Bellaggio and Verona before proceeding to alluring scenes in Greece and Syria. Mrs. Margaret Landers Randolph again throws light upon the text with her imaginative illustrations, and, as in "Under Summer Skies," a number of Prof. Scollard's fanciful poems, inspired by the events of the journey, are scattered through the volume. Charles L. Webster & Co., Publishers, New York city.

"The Old Garden and Other Verses," by Margaret Deland, is published in beautiful form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. "The Old Garden" is a delightful poem, and when the artist, Walter Crane, adds the charm of artistic borders of the flowers described in the text, few prettier holiday books can be found than this.

A very entertaining book is one entitled "From Wisdom Court," coming from the publishing house of Dodd, Mead & Co., New York city. Two authors' names appear upon the title page, Henry Seton Merriman and Stephen G. Tallentyre, with illustrations by R. Caubolin. The volume is made up of short essays concerning familiar subjects, pithily expressed, with some touches of humor, and now and then a little sarcasm.

"The Light Princess and Other Fairy Tales," by George MacDonald, is full of charming stories for both old and young and is profusely and prettily illustrated by Maud Humphrey. George Putnam's Sons, Newyork city, Publishers.

In "Zigzag Journeys on the Mediterranean," by Hezekiah Butterworth, the author seeks to explain the Consular service of the United States and to relate those curious stories that are often told in the Consulates of the East, for which purpose he takes his readers along the classic shores of the Mediterranean, visiting the historic cities as they go. Estes & Lauriat, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

"Chatterbox" for 1893 has just appeared. The illustrations are by eminent English artists, and are designed especially for this publication. The paper of this work is of a superior quality, and the typography excellent. Almost a hundred tons of paper are annually consumed in producing this splendid magazine, and a multitude of hands find employment in its preparation and shipment. Estes & Lauriat, Boston, Mass.

"None Such? There Will Yet Be Thousands," by Emory J. Haynes, is from The North Publishing Co., Boston. It is a story full of thrilling incident, treating of the relations between capital and labor, between the rich men of millions and the man who barely lives upon his earnings.

Maria Parloa is so well known that a book which goes forth with her name upon the title page needs small introduction to the public. Estes & Lauriat have just published the "Young Housekeepr," which is a plain book for plain people, and solves the often puzzling questions of how to cook economically and well; what to do with food left over from any meal; how to preserve vegetables and fruits, etc., etc. Aside from the culinary departments of the volume, there are instructive chapters on the care of the sick; furnishing the house; the easiest and best way to do laundry work, and many hints for house-cleaning time.

The same publishers issue "Jenny Wren's Boarding House," by James Otis, the well-known author of "Toby Tyler," "Mr. Stubbs' Brother" and others which have appeared in the St. Nicholas in years past. "Jenny Wren's Boarding House" is a story of New York news boy life, and relates the attempts and final success of a number of young paper sellers to establish a boarding house for themselves. The story must be a favorite, particularly with boys, to whom it especially appeals. It is neatly bound in cloth and illustrated with numerous designs by W. A. Rogers.

"Two German Giants," by Dr. John Leard, the author of "Beacon Lights of History," includes brilliant biographies of the warlike Frederick the Great and the Iron Chancellor Bismarck, the founder and the builder of German Empire. The striking personality of these rugged chieftains, their great achievements in war, diplomacy and statecraft, from astory of real life that surpasses any ideal. An unique autobiographic feature in this volume is the "forty years' tableau"—Bismarck's own witty, wise and persuasive review of his own career that carried the Reichstag for national defense. The volume has 6 portraits and is well bound.

"A Little Queen of Hearts," an international story by Ruth Ogden, author of "A Loyal Little Red-boat," "Courage," and "His Little Royal Highness," with fifty original illustrations by H. A. Ogden, is a beautiful story for the young. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York city.

"Chronicles of Fairyland: Fantastic Fables for Old and Young," by Fergus Hume, is a handsomely bound and illustrated volume published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

"Domestic Economy," designed to aid in the successful management of the affairs of the family, the home and the individual, by I. H. Mayer, M. D., published in Lancaster, Pa., is an exceedingly useful and clever book and should be in every home.

"The Captain of the Janizaries," by James L. Ballow, originated not in the author's desire to write a book, but in the fascinating interest of the times and characters he has depicted. Mr. Ballow writes of George Castriot, or Scandeberg, as the Turks named him, whose career was as romantic in the history of the Eastern Mediterranean. The book is the work of a scholar, is decidedly clever in construction and character painting and glows with the rich coloring of the Orient. Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York city.

"Twenty Little Maidens," by Amy E. Blanchard, with illustrations by Ida Waugh, is an ideal book for little girls. Dainty and pretty throughout. J. B. Lippincott Co., Market street, Philadelphia.

"The First Millennial Faith," a treatise on the church faith in its first one thousand years by the author of "Not on Calvary," is published in a pretty blue and silver binding by Saalfield Fitch, 12 Bible House, New York.

"No Heroes," by Blanche Willis Howard, with illustrations by Jessie McDermott and Henry Sandham, is a charming story which will interest not only the young, but also people of more mature taste. The plot is simple, the main characters bright happy boys, and the denouement most pleasing. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York city.

THE BABY'S THOUGHT.

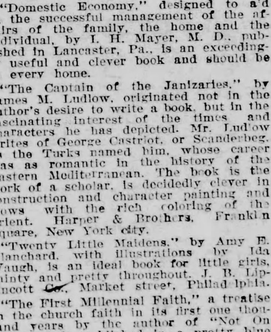
A mother told the youngest one
Of her pretty little brood,
That no one loved a little child
Who ever acted rude—
Who acted rough with little friends
When playing in the snow—
Who tripped them up where it was deep
Or snow did at them throw.

The child had conned this lesson well,
And so one snowy day,
Came rushing, breathless, in the house
All rosy from her play:
"Oh, mamma," cried the little one,
"I want oo tum and see—
Vose naughty angels in ve sky
Are frowin' snow at me!"
—Minneapolis Journal.

BEARS OUT DONNELLY.

Dr. Owen Says Bacon Carried His Ciphering Into All His Works.

Orville W. Owen, of Detroit, a physician and a man of wide literary culture, has furnished what may be called the complement to Ignatius Donnelly's theory about the plays popularly ascribed to Shakespeare. Dr. Owen claims to have discovered in Bacon's acknowledged works another cipher in which the great philosopher discloses the fact that he is the author of the plays. In the cipher Dr. Owen finds other and still more startling statements. Therein Bacon declares that he was the son of Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester by a secret marriage, and therefore the right-



DR. ORVILLE W. OWEN.

ful heir to the throne; he tells how this became known to him; and he relates how Essex, his dearest friend, was murdered at the command of the queen, and how he was made party to his condemnation; how Elizabeth in her last sickness acknowledged Bacon as her son to the doctor who attended her; how Elizabeth was poisoned and afterward strangled in her bed by Robert Cecil, and various other things that historians of the Elizabethan era have never set down in the books.

Feminine Headgear.

O, Lil, Sandwich Island Queen,
Excuse us if we state
One thing which you, we think, should know—
Your crown is not on straight.
—Washington Star.

The Island Was Not Blown Away.

The storm off the English coast did much damage. The shores of the little island are strewn with wrecks, but the island itself remains.—Newport News.

Question Bureau.

"Hoking" the Veterans.

H. G. D., North Baltimore, O., asks "how much Hoke Smith has saved the government by withholding pensions from need pensioners."

It is difficult to obtain the exact figures in the debate in the House on the item in the urgent deficiency bill, appropriating $200,000 for special examiners of the Pension office—that is, the sum employed to examine into these suspended cases—Representative Cannon, of Illinois, stated that all rejected pension claims were classed by Commissioner Lochren to the credit of the "amount saved" by the office. Thus, if claims, the amount of which would be a million dollars, were rejected from any cause, he would claim a million dollars had been "saved." Yet, he declared, after thorough examination, it had been found that but $31,000 had been actually paid out to pensioners whose claims had been obtained by fraud. "If it costs $200,000 extra for special examiners, and they save $31,000, Hoke's policy does not seem to be very economical.

Gas from Coal Stoves.

Subscriber, Millersburg, O., says: "We frequently read of persons suffocated with gas from an ordinary coal stove. What is this gas, is it always present in a coal fire, and when is it formed?"

The principal constituent of coal is carbon. When it burns, this carbon unites with the oxygen of the air. If plenty of air is supplied, every atom of carbon combines with two atoms of oxygen, forming carbonic acid gas. If there is not enough air, each atom of carbon combines with one atom of oxygen, forming carbonic oxide gas. Both these gases will suffocate; and, besides, carbonic oxide is a poison when breathed. If the room is closed tight, and the damper turned so as to nearly shut off the draft up the chimney, the gas escapes into the room, and will suffocate a sleeper.

A Trick with Figures.

J. H., St. Charles, Minn., says:

"A friend of mine says that he can take the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, and, without using the same figure twice, add them together, the sum amounting to 100. If there is any such solution of the problem will you kindly publish?"

Certainly it can be done. Here is the solution:

$$\begin{array}{r} 94\frac{38}{76} \\ 05\frac{1}{2} \\ \hline 100 \end{array}$$

We don't care to have arithmetical puzzles sent us, however. Please excuse us hereafter.

Quarters of 1853.

S. H. B., Dickinson, writes to ask if there is any premium on silver quarters of 1853. We have grown tired of explaining this matter. We have printed the facts so often that it seems every one should understand it. We will try once more, however.

In 1853, the dies of the quarters were changed, and an arrow-head was put on either side of the date. A few were struck off before the arrow-heads were put on. A quarter of 1853 in good order, WITHOUT the arrow-heads, is worth $4; there is no premium on those with the arrow-heads. This refers only to quarters, and not to any other coin of that year.

Pension Money Exempt.

H. S., St. Lawrence, N. Y., sends a correction of a recent answer, in which we said property bought with pension money is not exempt from taxation. He says there is a law in the state of New York exempting property bought with pension or bounty money from taxation, or from levy and sale by execution. This illustrates the necessity of our adhering strictly to the rule not to answer questions concerning state laws. No sane man would expect us to keep posted on the laws of all the states. We suppose the person asking the question referred to laws of Congress, and answered under that supposition.

Hoke Smith.

W. T. B., Quincy, Ill., asks: "Was Hoke Smith in the rebel army, and if so what was his rank?"

You should read The Blade. Last March, when he was appointed, we published his portrait and a sketch of his life. He was born in 1855. Hence he was only six years old when the rebellion began, and only ten in 1865, when it closed.

Miscellaneous.

J. A. Y., Rankin, Ill.: It is impossible for us to comply with requests like yours.

L. S., Rome City, Ind.: The Republican, Upper Sandusky, O., is the leading Republican paper.

P. M., Alto Pass, Ill.: We can not print the poem. Refer to a volume of Mrs. Sigourney's poems.

J. D., Dunningsville, Pa.: You are mistaken. The Blade never stated the name of David's mother was Bathsheba.

J. B., Genesee, Ill.: We never saw a large portrait of Gov. Oglesby, suitable for framing, and don't think it has ever been published.

L. D. G., Georgetown, Neb.: It would not be worth while for us, it would take, to give the counties in each Congressional district of Illinois and Ohio.

J. C. W., Norwich, O.: If you will look in the Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of December 7, you will find an answer on Thanksgiving Day which covers your inquiry.

A. S., Maple Rapids, Mich.: Several years ago we printed all the leading army songs, and can not republish them. As for short stories of the war, doesn't the Camp Fire give what you want?

S. C. S., Turney, Mo., asks where the Oregon river is mentioned in Bryant's "Thanatopsis," and Longfellow's "Evangeline." It is the Columbia river, which was originally called the Oregon river.

L. L. B., Linton, Ind., wants to know "where and when Henry Clay made the boast that Gen. Jackson would whip Packenham at New Orleans." We are sorry to say we never heard anything of such a bet.

W. G. M., Hardy, Neb.: An income tax is a certain per cent assessed yearly on the net income of individuals. No bill for this purpose has as yet been introduced in Congress, so we are not able to state the rate proposed, nor what incomes would be taxed.

S. M., Voorhies, Ill.: It can only be among the ignorant that "the clock is stopped, the looking-glass and pictures turned to the wall," in a room in which a corpse is lying up. We have no idea how such a superstitious observance arose, and have never seen an instance of it.

E. S. H., Erwin, Tenn.: We do not know what vessel freights from Europe to America on coal and iron are. Anything coarse and heavy, which will not easily shift its position, can be used for ballast for vessels. Building stone, pig iron or other metals in pigs, coal and similar articles can be so used.

A. S., Valparaiso, Ind.: Washington Hesing, the editor of the Staats Zeitung, the leading German daily of the city, was recently appointed postmaster of Chicago by President Cleveland. The postmasters of all the larger cities have to be confirmed by the Senate. The salary of the Chicago postmaster is $6,000 per year.

J. D., Litchfield, Mich.: The camel was originally wild, and there are said to be some still in the Eastern Continent. The camel is not a native of America; but in the late 50's, some camels were imported, to use in carrying stores to military posts across the desert regions in the Southwest. When the war came on, the camels escaped, and it is said a few descendants exist in a wild state in Arizona.

POOR THING!

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right down in the middle of her forehead;
So she wore it to the hop,
And it happened off to drop—
And the language that she thought was simply horrid!

In His Power.

There was a sinister gleam in the eyes of the dark man with the aquiline nose. He was alone.

"Is she in my power," he mused, "or is the hypnotic spell incomplete?"

A radiant vision swept into the room.

"Have I kept you waiting, Auphonse?"

"No, Beatrice. Come."

They were upon the street among the shadows.

"Let us go into this cafe, Beatrice."

"As you will, Alphonse."

The lights of the interior were blazing upon them.

"Will you have ice cream, Beatrice?"

"No, Alphonse. There are bacilli in ice cream."

The girl shivered and drew her wrap more closely about her. Triumph lighted the face of the dark man with the aquiline nose.—Life.

Doubtful About It.

She—Before I give you my answer I think you would better interview papa. You can see him at his office to-morrow and then walk around here and let me know the result.

He—There is only one objection. I may not be able to walk.—Life.

Shameful.

"Your idea for the play is good—but it's been done before," said the manager.

"By whom?" queried the author.

"Shakespeare, in 'Twelfth Night.'"

"Hang it all! There's another good idea spoiled."—Puck.

No Need of It.

"Have you a wardrobe?" asked the manager of an actress who had just applied for an engagement. "Why, no," she replied. "I am in the burlesque line, you know." She was engaged on the spot.—New York Press.

Fraudman—I never allowed my failures to discourage me, Smartleigh—But they must have discouraged your creditors.—Exchange.

GROVE SAVE THE QUEEN!

Thy country, 'tis of thee,
Lilliokalani,
Thy name I sing.
I love the sugar lands
Thy large brown finger hands,
And all thy fetish clans,
I'll save thee, queen.

Hawaii, 'tis for thee,
I'll save thy royalty
On Gresham's plan.
I love the pomp of state
E'en though it be fourth rate
Ergo, for thee I'll make
A queen off-hand.

When thou art on thy throne,
Get one of Gresham's bone
For Chamberlain.
For such a man as he
Will serve both thee and me.
And knock out liberty—
That's now his game.

I might be tempted now
To part with Gresham's brow
Of cranial chinks.
But if thou canst lime take
Thou wilt part compensate
For all things up to date,
By jinks, by jinks!
—Washington Evening News.

ALL ABOUT WAR.

The peace footing of the Russian army calls for the services of 170,000 horses.

It is estimated that since the Christian era began over 4,000,000,000 human beings have perished in war.

In time of war France puts 370 out of every 1,000 of her population in the field; Germany, 310; Russia, 210.

The list of the world's battles comprises 1,527 regular engagements whose names are given as worthy of record.

During the Mexican war the United States put 90,000 men in the field, of whom 7,780 died of wounds or disease.

Great Britain has 5,789 cannon; France, 7,604; Germany, 5,380; Russia, 4,424; Austria, 2,170; Turkey, 3,762; the United States, 4,155; the world has 41,073.

Over 1,000,000 French women were made widows and 3,000,000 French children were made fatherless by Napoleon's campaigns.

The cost of an Armstrong steel gun is estimated at $500 for each ton of weight; of a Krupp gun, $900; of a Whitworth gun, $925.

With the exception of Belgium, whose debt has been incurred for internal improvements, every European national debt is in great part a war debt.

The number of men withdrawn from industry to take part in the civil war on the Union side was 2,772,408; the Confederates enlisted over 600,000.

It is estimated that there are 100,000,000 guns in the world. At an average of $10 each, the cost of the world's rifles, shotguns and muskets would be $1,000,000,000.

During the five years that the American revolutionary war continued 288,200 Americans were enlisted, but there were rarely more than 30,000 in the field at any one time.

FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

How to Dress Them Stylishly and Inexpensively.

Children's dresses always occupy a large space in the fashion chronicle, and rightly, because more dresses for little girls are made in the house under the direction of the mothers than for

the elders. Now the first thing to be remembered in the making of children's gowns is that the little maid of two wears the longest gown. It reaches quite to her shoe tops and the shoes are not high. The girl of 16 wears a dress about the same length, the maid of 14 one two inches shorter, and the dress shortens as the years lessen until the little maid between four and eight wears a dress quite covering her knees in the French fashion.

A pretty model is shown in the first illustration to be carried out with navy blue camel's hair and cardinal cashmere, the decoration of the red being put on everywhere with black and gold braid, and employing little gold buttons where the stripes of red are let into the sleeve tops and down the shoulder seams, the dress closes on the shoulder and under the arm, and the back is like the front.

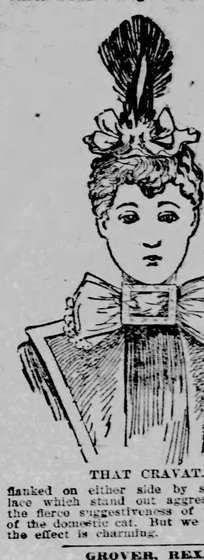
One of the prettiest coats for little girls is made of soft and heavy wool in changeable old blue and red, and made up with the new "bat's-wings" cape. This is lined with the red in satin and has a black passementerie finish.

Another gown was of ivory white satin, with a decoration of black velvet and old lace arranged in a particularly becoming fashion for ladies not quite as tall as they could wish to be. Another gown of changeable moire that might be called opaline, so varied and delicately shaded were its tints, was trimmed with black moire ribbon the chiffon, changeable like the gown, with revers of old lace. The entire waist was of chiffon gathered to a belt. Still another gown was of pale blue tissue, draped on the hips and plaited full in front. The collar was of white satin, edged with exquisite open patterned and wired jet passementerie. The secret of making a gown from pictured models is to take here a little and there a little, combining all harmoniously; for gowns, like prescriptions of medicine, need to be prepared after a personal diagnosis, and can not be made up like Bowery overcoats in job lots all from the same pattern.

SOME STRIKING CRAVATS.

Startling Effects Just Brought Out in London.

The London correspondent of the New York World says that they are wearing some striking cravats over there. The picture illustrates one of the latest. It has a collar band of pink looking-glass velvet drawn through a cut steel buckle,



THAT CRAVAT.

flanked on either side by soft frills of lace which stand out aggressively, with the fierce suggestiveness of the whiskers of the domestic cat. But we are told that the effect is charming.

GROVER, REX.

O, Grover owns the ocean,
And Grover owns the land;
He has a sneaking notion
That he owns the shifting sand.

He talks about "his" Minister,
Of Willis and of Blount—
Approves the doings sinister
Of the world-famed "Paramount."

He'll lead his "brilliant" party
Along the downward slope;
They'll hang themselves, my hearty,
If giv'n plenty of rope!
—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Music

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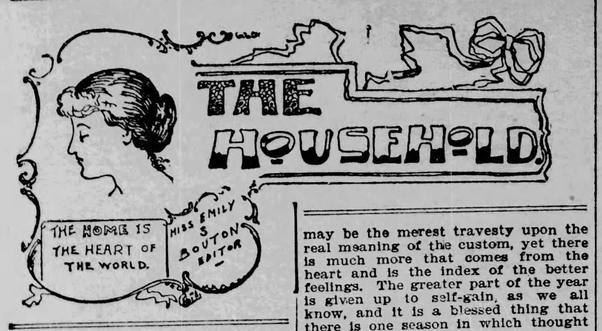


THE THREE ANGELS.

Three angels from the gate of heaven came
To earth below,
And by the side of mortals ever since,
'Mid all their woe,
The three have stood, to comfort and to cheer—
Three stars above—three voices sweetly near.

Faith was the first created of the three
That came to earth,
Among those morning stars that sweetly sung
Creation's birth—
With his bright face turned ever to the Lord,
The trust of childhood in the Father's word.

Hope is the name the next bright spirit bears
In heaven's host,
As close beside us mortals where we roam,
Weary and lost,
He comes to bid us look beyond the night,
His own bright eye fixed on the dawning light.

The other of the group to us so near—
Sweet Charity,
Or Love, the name as called on high,
And with the three—
Love the sweet altar-fire to God that turns,
And then for man in fervent pity burns.

Beside each pilgrim in his weary way,
The three so dear—
Even when slighted, still in pity deep
To bless and cheer—
But the sweet star, the brightest of the three,
And most like Him above, sweet Charity.

For "God is Love"—so pure and deep with Him
The fountains flow,
Which the deep shadows of parental love
So dimly show—
All wisdom, power, and holiness with Him:
But Love the central ray of light sublime.

And when beside the weary and the poor
We mortals go—
By word and deed to lighten and to soothe
Each heavy woe—
Then the dear angel comes with us to stay,
And heaven reflects below its sweetest ray.
—J. H. Cuthbert, in Washington Star.

HOME TALKS.

WHAT OF GIFT-GIVING WHEN FORTUNE'S TIDE RUNS LOW?

If the Spirit is Gone the Observance of the Custom Should End—Christmas Day Once More.

I wonder how many people have taken time by the forelock as the old saying is, and got their Christmas presents ready so that between this and that merry holiday there will be no scurrying around to find "just what one wants" that is not far beyond the measure of what can be spent in such purchases. It always seems to me as if the days became sentient creatures as Christmas draws near, and fairly tumble over each other in their haste to get away from me before I can accomplish the half that I want to do. Does everybody make good resolves each year never to leave these pleasant preparations to the latest moment again, but to make them gradually and at one's leisure during the year, and then does everybody do precisely the same thing again which caused so much fatigue and perplexity the last time? What creatures of habit we are, and how easy it is to form a bad one and then keep it closer than a brother by continual petting and indulgence.

Speaking about this Christmas giving if people only would make or buy their gifts through the year, as something pretty or appropriate is seen, the anxious eyes, the wrinkled brows, the worried expression would not so often be the accompaniments of the Christmas shoppers. Fewer then would feel that friendly giving was almost a burden, but only the elements of pleasure would enter in, and pleasure as we all know, should be the spirit in which all such offerings are made.

"I really do not know how I am to buy our Christmas gifts this year," said one worried looking woman to another in a store the other day. "We all went to the Fair, you know, and that cost a sight really taking every cent that we ought to spare. I suppose I've got to get something though, or be thought mean and stingy."

There it was, this fear of what some one will think which governs us all to a greater or less degree, and makes us do things which we have no right even to think of doing. I suppose there are countless people who are situated exactly as that woman was, and, like her, are without independence enough to deny themselves the privilege of doing what justice to themselves and families demands them to abstain from. Hundreds and thousands of people went to the Fair when they really had no moral right to go because they could not pay their debts without the money used there, and I suppose hundreds and thousands will add to the burdens then assumed by buying Christmas presents and having the matter of paying for them a painful uncertainty.

Then this year there is the financial depression, for which there was neither rhyme nor reason when you get to the bottom of the matter, notwithstanding all of the fine spun theories in regard to its coming. Come it did, however, and the result is a shortage of money and distress upon all sides another cause for fear and doubt and trembling about spending much money in gift buying. So the question comes to many of either summoning independence, and daring to do right, or adding to an almost unbearable burden—for to the self-respecting and just person debt is one of the heaviest of burdens to carry.

There is, however, another side to this question of giving at the holidays. Should everybody decide to close their pocketbooks, and pass the pretty things by, what would the merchants do with the stocks bought for the usual holiday trade? It would mean ruin to many all over the country, and financial distress to many more.

Looking at it in all lights, the best way, perhaps, is to buy carefully, prudently, intelligently, standing firm against all temptation to the doing of what is beyond the means and trusting to the future for ways of extrication, but yet helping as far as possible to keep the wheels of trade moving in the usual manner.

Then, too, there is another thought connected with the Christmas giving. Though some of it may be done from unworthy motives, though some of it may be the merest travesty upon the real meaning of the custom, yet there is much more that comes from the heart and is the index of the better feelings. The greater part of the year is given up to self-gain, as we all know, and it is a blessed thing that there is one season in which thought for others is the governing power; one time when it is not what we shall do for self-acquirement, but how give pleasure to others that is the ruling motive. It would be a sorry day were the whole custom swept away, and the Christmas tide be left unthought of and unnoticed. Even they who groan the loudest at what its observance in this way involves, would sadly miss the merriment and good cheer it brings. They would deeply regret

"The merry Christmas, with its generous boards,
Its fire-lit hearths, and gifts, and blazing trees,
Its pleasant voices uttering gentle words,
Its genial mirth, attuned to sweet accords,
Its holy memories!"

I suppose, after all, the world—our world—will wag on its usual way in regard to Christmas giving in spite of all the moral reasoning that may be brought to bear upon the subject. Some will buy with the love-light in the eye and the love-song in the heart, full of a glad excitement over the pleasure their gifts are to bring to those who will receive them on the merry Christmas morning. Others again will make their purchases wishing the while that there was no such day in their calendar as Christmas. And let me tell you who feel in that way, you should cast it out of your years from henceforward, since you have surely lost all of its precious meanings. The soul of Christmas is for you departed, and you would be more honest and true not to try to vitalize a shadow in order to deceive your friends.

There is just one right course to take in this matter. When the observance of the day in the time-honored fashion becomes a worry and an anxiety, when the pain and weariness it entails become the marked feature of the season, then give it up without fear and without trembling. If the magnetic atmosphere of pleasant thoughts do not enter into the gift, it means nothing of good, and carries with it naught of that good-will which is the essential in all of these things.

I want to close these rambling thoughts with some words that were written by Phillips Brooks, about the real meaning of the Christmas day that is so rapidly approaching:

"And now once more comes Christmas Day. Once more, borne abroad on the words of simple-minded shepherds, runs the story. God and man have met in visible, actual union, in a life which is both human and divine. . . . Lift up yourselves to the great meaning of the day, and dare to think of your humanity as something so sublimely precious that it is worthy of being made an offering to God. Count it a privilege to make that offering as complete as possible, keeping nothing back, and then go out to the pleasures and duties of your life, having been truly born anew into His Divinity, as He was born into our humanity on Christmas Day."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

One View of Christmas Giving—Many of Us Find It True.

I wonder if any of the Householders feel as I do sometimes—that all the beauty of Christmas giving is wearing away. Time was when a present given at that season was a loving tribute from one friend to another, and whether it was costly or simple, its intrinsic value was the same.

Now, how often we give because we are indebted to people, or because they are relations and expect something from us, or because it looks "mean" not to give, more than because we really wish to please the one who receives the gift? Often we must deny ourselves some necessary article in order to give a present to some one who neither needs nor appreciates it. There is no pleasure in such self-denial, and, according to my views, no merit.

I know of a woman who laid awake nights contriving a list of 25 presents, and then worked day and night to get them ready, neglecting her regular duties, hardly giving herself time to eat or drink, growing tired and nervous and irritable in consequence, and of all that 25 there were only four who appreciated her gifts sufficiently to acknowledge them!

"I knew they were not expensive presents," she said to me, "but I thought because they were my own work they would please my friends. It seems I was mistaken, and I have made up my mind that hereafter I shall give to those I love and who love me, and not worry myself about any one else."

That is a good rule—"Give to those you love." If self-denial is needed to do that, it is no hardship, but a pleasure, and when we can feel that the Christmas gifts we receive from our friends are sent because they love us, and not because they think they must give us something, or because they expect something equally good, or better, in return, then all the distrust and worry and unpleasantness will die out of the custom, and the "Merry Christmases" of long ago will be with us again.

HOW? WHERE? WHEN?

A Variety of Information Asked for This Week.

Will some one tell me on what finger the engagement ring is worn? Also, on what finger the wedding ring is worn?—Roxy.

The engagement ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand, not counting the thumb as a finger, and the wedding ring is worn on the same finger.—Ed.

Inquiries.

Will the lady who wrote about spatter work, tell me what kind of silver paint she uses on chamois skin, and also, if oil paints are used in spatter work?—Cora Lotta.

Will some one tell me how to can mince meat for future use? Also, give a recipe for Christmas cake.—Burt Alison.

Will some one send directions for making a slipper case?—Mary C. Pratt.

Answers.

Mrs. M. A. Welsh:—Your drab-colored cashmere overskirt would make a beautiful dress for your little girl, if it is dyed with crimson diamond dye. I should make it with a plain full skirt, deeply hemmed. Make the waist with a tight-fitting lining, and gather the cashmere at the neck and waist, both back and front, or, if you prefer it, make the back plain. Outline the fulness in front with revers of velvet or of the cashmere, extending from the shoulder-seams to the waist line. Make the sleeves close fitting to the elbows, with full puffs above. The dress would be pretty, trimmed with briar-stitching done in old gold silk. The cloak of white woolen goods may be dyed any color you wish. Any shade of blue or red would be pretty. Make it with a plain waist and a full box-pleated skirt. Close it in front with pretty buttons. The sleeves should be full and gathered into cuffs of the same material or of velvet. Unless the goods is very thick, line it throughout with flannel or other warm material. Make a cape that will reach almost to the waist to wear with it.

The cloak of light brown would be pretty dyed with seal brown diamond dye. This is the best brown dye for woolen goods that I have ever used. Navy blue would be a pretty color, if you prefer it. There will be plenty of material to make a suit for a little boy five years old. Get a good pattern and cut your goods by it. Baste the seams of the lining and the outside of the coat separately; then put them together and try it on. Make any alteration necessary before sewing them on the machine. The neat appearance of tailor-made clothing is largely due to the fact that every seam is carefully pressed. The suit may be trimmed with braid, or made perfectly plain.

I suppose most of the members of the Household are making Christmas presents and preparing for a good time during the holidays. May all your bright hopes be realized and Christmas time be one of family reunions and unalloyed happiness.—Mary.

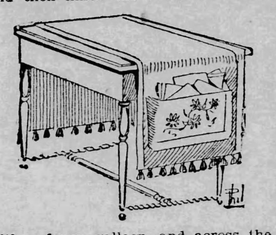
HOLIDAY PRETTY THINGS.

How the Household May Give Friends Pleasure.

Pretty and Convenient.

A very pretty table scarf is here given that will be found also very useful, and one made of well chosen materials answers well for a Christmas present to a friend. Felt or plush, or a combination of the two, can be employed. Any other plain material, if heavy enough, may be used.

First cut a long piece, as shown in the illustration. Line it with a contrasting color of silk. Very pretty silks for such purposes may be bought for from 25 cents to 50 cents a yard. Then cut pieces for pockets and line them also. Sew to the ends firmly, and then finish the scarf all around



with a fancy galloon, and across the ends put a tassel fringe.

The pockets may be embroidered, if liked, and made very handsome in that way, if one desires to do the work.

Pin Cushions.

Pin cushions, says the Bazar, which formerly took up the best part of one's bureau, have been entirely set aside in favor of small bits of daintiness the largest of which is a square of six inches, or, if round, about five inches in diameter. A dainty little round cushion is made of the finest linen exquisitely embroidered with a wreath of tiny forget-me-nots tied with a bow knot. As a finish a ruffle of white ribbon two inches wide, underneath one of lace the same width, is gathered very full, and sewn around it.

Slumber Roll.

Make a roll, the length of which is about two-thirds the width of the chair upon which it is to be hung. Cover it with fine broadcloth, pinking the ends, but otherwise leaving it

plain. Around the center put a piece of satin upon which has been worked in cross stitch a pretty pattern that nearly covers the whole piece. Tie the ends around with cords ending with balls or tassels, and also have a cord passing from one end to the other with which to hang it to a chair.

Hair Pin Receiver.

Get a round box, four inches in diameter and three inches high. Around the box put several thicknesses of cot-

ton batting in such a way as to make it look rounded from the top to the bottom. Cover this smoothly with muslin. Fill the inside of the box with hair, and draw colored lace over it, fastening it to the edge of the top. Now with baby ribbons weave a covering over the muslin, and cover the top edge with a plaiting of wider ribbon. Where the woven ribbons are fastened around the lower edge may be covered by the red satin covering of the bottom, sewed on with fine over-stitch. Make full rosettes of the baby ribbons, and place at equal distances apart.

A Simple Contrivance.

People are often obliged to hang dresses, etc., upon hooks in rooms where they are exposed to dust. A very excellent thing is to take wide

Bolton sheeting of a pretty color, having a piece just long enough to come from the hooks below the skirts of hanging dresses, and then to reach the hooks again upon the other side. Sew loops of tape along both edges, at intervals a little greater than the space between the hooks. To decorate this useful article, etch conventional flowers over the surface, or a vine just above the hem all around.

Pretty Decoration.

The illustration given here is one taken from the supplement sheet of the Art Interchange. It is for the use of amateur painters, who are making

ready for Christmas. It may be painted upon a card, the outside of a calendar, upon the leaf of the portfolio that was described last week, or any of the things that need a decoration of this size. Of course the colors must be chosen by the artist herself.

Next week some hints will be given with regard to Christmas decorations and celebration.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

MIRIAM COLES HARRIS, THE AUTHOR OF "RUTLEDGE."

A Book That Created a Sensation and Sold Largely—The Heroine Without a Name—The Author.

Few readers of fiction are there who have not read "Rutledge," a novel which created a genuine sensation when it came out, more than 30 years ago, and has never lost its popularity. The book ran through edition after edition, and was much talked of everywhere. The name of the author

MIRIAM COLES HARRIS.

was unknown and could not be ascertained. Then, added to the real fascination of the story, was the peculiarity of a nameless heroine, for never once was it mentioned from first page to last.

Strangely enough even the author's own family with the exception of her mother, did not know of her identity with the author of the much talked of novel. She was a young girl, Miriam Coles by name, living quietly in her home at Oyster Bay. Her birthplace was Dasoria on East Island. She was educated at Brighton, New Jersey, under Bishop Doane, the father of the present bishop of Albany. Her people were well off and she was in no need of money, hence her talent for writing did not blossom under adversity, but was the outgrowth of a real desire to write for the love of writing.

Before it was known that Miss Coles wrote "Rutledge" two other books from her pen were published, but neither of them attained the popularity of the first. Upon the appearance of "Louie's Last Term at St. Mary's" the question of authorship was settled as the scene was laid at the school where she was educated.

It was after this last book appeared that she became the wife of Sydney S. Harris, a lawyer living in New York City; which has been her home for many years. She is described as a woman of fine presence and graceful carriage, with black eyes and black hair, looking remarkably youthful for one whose eldest son was married years ago to a daughter of Judge Brady, of New York. It is said that she does not like to talk of her books being entirely without desire for publicity.

The sale of "Rutledge" was phenomenal, being greater than that of any American novel except "Uncle Tom's Cabin" up to its time. None of her books written since that date have been so popular, although some of them are exceptionally good. Their titles are as follows: "Frank Warrington," "St. Philips," "Round Hearts," "Richard Vandermark," "A Perfect Adonis," "Missy," "Happy Go Lucky, Phebe" and "An Utter Failure." She has also prepared two devotional books, "A Rosary for Lent" and "Dear Feast of Lent," she being an ardent Episcopalian.

Mrs. Harris's summer home is in Southampton, but her winter residence is in the great metropolis.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

News From Various Quarters.

Plea for All Things in Moderation.

I would like to say to "M. E." that I believe that the more educated we are, the more we admire beauty. Painting and fancy work should have a place in our homes; we are better for having them there. As to women's magazines, comparing those of the present with those of a few years back, I say they are improving. So are the women, the American women especially. What did women do a hundred years ago? How long has it been since women began to teach, lecture, clerk and follow the professions? A hundred years from now—yes, 50, or 25, probably ten—there may be things that honorable women can not do, but voting will not be one of them. Some people say that women have all they can do to do their home work properly. That, I believe, is true. A mother may have a home to keep, and a family of little ones to govern, she may do her very best and yet fail, when her children see so much of saloons and tobacco, and while bad literature is so freely distributed. Many children have inherited tastes for these things. Intelligent women know this, and they know that these evils must go before home training will have its best effects; and they also realize the fact that they will not go until women vote. Then, instead of spending their time fighting and worrying over the evils they can educate themselves and be as intelligent on political subjects as men.—Kate K.

A Very Profitable Winter's Work.

Let me tell the readers of the Household of a little plan I have laid for this winter's work. I am going to spend my spare time in procuring good books and papers to read. I shall exchange as many books and papers with my neighbors as I can; then, as it is almost impossible for people of moderate means to buy as many books with expensive bindings as they would like to have, I shall buy standard novels in paper bindings, and make covers of cardboard and dark paper muslin for them; thus have a useful book that can be read by many friends. They will not be ornamental, but they will be very useful, which is much better.—Clara Van Guard.

Here is "A Farmer" With a Grievance—Suggest a Remedy.

I wish you would have discussed through your columns, "What an annoyance and expense to have neighbors who ask one to lend nearly everything they possess."—A Farmer.

And Here is Something Good for Home Students.

What to do these long winter evenings was a much mooted question between three friends and myself, and numberless things were proposed, but none adopted, until one of our number suggested that we take up the study of the English language and we agreed at once, for we all felt that our English was anything but perfect, and by studying to improve it we would derive more real benefit than if we organized a club, as we had talked of doing. Of course we all studied grammar years ago, but we intend to make this more than a review. We are to take up grammar and composition, to be followed by rhetoric, logic and English literature. We meet every Wednesday night. We intend our studies to be systematic, as well as comprehensive. There may be others of the Household readers in a like quandary, so I send our plan, thinking it may help some one out.—Laura Golden.

"Stand to Your Arms, 'Aline!"—

I do not agree with "Aline." To be sure there are some country women who care only for trifling stories, but will she not find the same true with city women? In some country places it is nearly impossible to get such books as one would like; but, with few exceptions, the country woman can appreciate and enjoy good literature as well as her city neighbor. Perhaps "Aline" could find some missionary work among us country women who care nothing for a book beyond the binding."—Nellie June.

A Remonstrance for "Ella G."

After reading the two letters this week, I thought, O, my, how can any one be so selfish and heartless as Ella G? I don't see how she could treat her husband so; she surely does not love him; but "Farmer's Wife," Anne, I would like to take her by the hand. I know her home is a happy one. I, too, am a farmer's wife; we have most of the time four in the family, and I do all my own work, and find time to read The Blade, two other newspapers and two journals. I do all my own sewing and knitting, and found time to spend one week at the Fair in Chicago.—Mrs. L. O.

We Should Like Such a Carpet Ourselves.

Here is a lovely way to make a rag carpet if any one wishes it: Sew enough hit or miss rags for 20 yards, about 23 pounds will be enough if they are fine and even. Then take some old sheets, or any white goods and color 1 1-2 pounds dark green, 1 1-2 pounds light green, and 1 1-2 pounds old rose. Have a stripe of hit or miss 11 inches wide; then a stripe of old rose 1 inch wide; then a stripe of light green 1 inch wide, and a stripe of dark green, 1 inch wide; then another stripe of hit or miss 11 inches wide; then the colored rags in one inch stripes again. Get green and brown warp and have warp stripes 11 inches wide.—Anne.

Excellent Results, but Dangerous Methods.

I would like to reply to the lady who in a recent number wished to have her warts removed. I have just had all my moles, warts and skin discolorations removed, and I thought, perhaps, my experience might be of benefit to her, and possibly to others. I learned something of their nature also, which may be of benefit. The root of all these evils lies in the fourth skin, and unless that is removed, the applications are useless. Mine were removed with bi-chloracetic acid. It comes in crystals, and if placed in a bottle with a glass stopper will become in part liquified and then expedite matters. Take a large knitting needle; let a crystal adhere until it melts, or dip the needle in the melted solution, and cover the surface of the blemish. Care should be taken not to touch the outer skin, for the acid makes a deep sore wherever it touches. One application each day for four or five days, will remove them; and nearly all of the last ones I removed with one application, by putting on the medicine a number of times. When you feel satisfied you have removed the blemish, apply a piece of court plaster, and leave it until it comes off. The scars will disappear in two or three months, and I hope if any one regards such an affliction as I did, they may be benefitted as much.—Helen Jay.

A Delightful Entertainment.

A Bird concert was one of the prettiest entertainments we ever had. It was a dime entertainment, and was held in the church where a large platform gave ample space. The room was decorated with plants, cut flowers and vines. Some cages of rare birds and 18 cages of canaries lent a novel charm. Stuffed birds, especially a white owl, lent impressiveness. Music was furnished by a small orchestra, but piano or organ would do nicely. A committee, having faithfully searched books of poetry and children's books, prepared the following programme:

Music—Bird polka.
Essay—"Birds"—by a young lady.
Quartet—"Sing Away, Ye Joyous Bir's."
Reading—"The Jackdaw of Rheims."
Music—"Bird Carol"—Song with whistling chorus.
Recitation—"The Birds' Picnic"—by a child.
Music—Chorus of little folks—"The Chickadee."
Oration—"The Grey Forest Eagle."
Recitation—"Who Stole the Bird's Nest?"
Music—Instrumental.
Reading—"The Belfry Pigeon."
Music—"Tommy and the Robin"—Small quartet.
Recitation—"If Ever I See on Bush or Tree," etc.
Recitation—"The Little Doves."
Recitation—"The Crow's Children."
Closing in costume—"The Three Black Crows."
Reading—"The Little Red Hen."
Music—"The Maiden and the Blackbird."
Reading—"The Raven."
Anthem—"O, that I Had Wings Like a Dove."

Of course other poems and music quite as good may be found, but all must relate to birds. Of the small quartette, two boys and two girls, two should sing alto. They should be dressed in concert troupe style, boys in evening dress and girls with trains. The "Crows," tall young men in long black robes (waterproofs will do) with black cambric masks over the eyes, should come solemnly up the aisle from the door, each carrying a large card with a staff and very large black notes, marked on both sides. The leader repeats one verse at a time and says "Sing, brethren sing." Poe's raven was given by our pastor, a fine elocutionist. Success in all entertainments depends largely upon careful management of small details. The same dear voice which commanded "Be ye harmless as doves," also said "Be wise as serpents," hence it is our duty to be worldly wise in many ways, some of which I will venture to suggest in a future letter and also tell you about a rose social.—Hazel Brown.

The editor looks forward to the second letter with an interest she feels sure is shared by all the Household.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

Some Recipes for the "Household Cook."

Sweet Crackers.

Two and one-half cupfuls granulated sugar, 1 cupful of lard, 2 eggs, 1 oz. carbonate of ammonia, 5 cents' worth of oil of lemon (or 1 1-2 teaspoonfuls); dissolve the ammonia in 1 pt. of sweet milk; flour sufficient to make a rather stiff dough. Knead well; roll thin as pie crust, cut out with a square cutter and bake in a quick oven.

Spanish Bun Cake.

Two cupfuls granulated sugar, 1 cupful butter, 1 1-2 cupfuls sweet milk, 1-2 teaspoonful cloves, 1 1-2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon, 1 nutmeg, 4 eggs, save whites of two for icing; 2 1-2 cupfuls flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Oyster Pie.

Line the sides of a deep dish with thin paste; invert a cup in the middle; drain a quart of oysters, pepper and salt them and arrange around the cup. Strain the liquor and add to it 1-2 pt. of sweet milk, and put it on to boil. Rub together two tablespoonfuls of flour and the same quantity of butter; when the liquor boils stir it it in, and stir until it thickens. Remove from the fire, season and pour over the oysters. Roll out a sheet of paste, cut a hole in the center, cover the pie with it, and bake until nicely browned.

Veal Scallop.

Chop cold veal very fine; put in a buttered dish a layer of minced veal, a little salt and pepper and some small bits of butter; strew over it a layer of finely powdered crackers; pour over a little milk to moisten it. Then add another layer of veal, and so on until the dish is full. Wet well with gravy and warm water; cover to keep in the steam, and bake one-half hour in a hot oven.—Laura Golden.

Wafers.

One cupful butter, 2 cupfuls sugar, 1-2 cupful new milk, 3 eggs, 1-2 nutmeg, juice of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoonful soda, and flour enough to roll out. Roll the dough very thin, sprinkle granulated white sugar over it, slightly pressing it into the dough with the roller; cut in fancy shapes and bake quickly.—"Tessie."

Plain Cookies.

One cupful butter; 3 cupfuls sugar, 1-2 cupful milk or cream, 3 eggs, 1 small teaspoonful soda; flour to make rather stiff. Flavor with nutmeg and cinnamon.—"Dora."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

LITTLE HOMER'S SLATE.

After dear old grandma died,
Hunting through an oaken chest
In the attic, we espied
What recall our childish quest!
'Twas a homely little slate,
Seemingly of ancient date.

On its quaint and battered face
Was the picture of a cart
Drawn with all that awkard grace
Which betokens childish art;
But what meant this legend, pray?
"Homer drew this yesterday?"

Mother recollected then
What the years were fain to hide,
She was but a baby when
Little Homer lived and died;
Forty years, so mother said,
Little Homer had been dead.

This one secret through those years
Grandma kept from all apart.
Hallowed by her lonely tears
And the breaking of her heart;
While each year that sped away
Seemed to her but yesterday.

So the homely little slate
Grandma's baby's fingers pressed,
To a memory consecrate,
Lieth in the oaken chest,
Where, unwilling we should know,
Grandma put it, years ago.
—Eugene Field, In Chicago News Reord.

OUR GRAND MASQUERADE.

Enjoyed by the Members of Blade Wonder Column.

Reported by Lucy A. Freeman.

There were several masquerade parties on Thanksgiving eve, but none, I think, where the company was more select, or the enjoyment more complete, than at the one given by Mr. Terence O'Shaughnessy, to his fellow-workers in "Our Wonder Column."

"Castle O'Shaughnessy," as Terence calls it, is a large, old-fashioned, low-ceiled house, not a hundred miles from the Blade office. A hall runs through it from one end to the other, with wide doors opening on the lawns at the front and rear.

On one side of the hall are the rooms occupied by the family; on the other is one large room, with a huge fireplace at one end of it, and this room Terence prepared for his guests.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy looked on in dismay as he coolly took up her handsome Axminster," and banished her upholstered furniture; then she left him to his own devices, and the result, when he invited me to inspect it, was most satisfactory.

The floor of Georgia pine was scoured white, showing the grain of the wood beautifully. At each side of the fireplace stood a long, high-backed, wooden "settle," and straight-backed wooden chairs were ranged primly against the walls.

In one corner was a tall "grandfather clock," and opposite it a "corner cupboard," whose glass doors disclosed some rare old china, while on its lower shelves were bright pewter mugs and plates, fom which, later on, refreshments were served, that would have delighted the Puritan Fathers, could they have shared them.

The fireplace was bravely set out with andirons, shovel, poker and tongs, while a fat, black, iron teakettle swung sturdily from the crane. On each end of the high wooden mantel stood a brass candlestick, and exactly midway between them was a clumsy pair of snuffers; on either side of the snuffers was a melancholy "silhouette," which Terence said were portraits of his ancestors, though he did not seem very well acquainted with them himself.

Over the mantel was a line on which hung half a dozen pairs of "striped mittens," suppose to have been knitted by the thrifty housewife to last her "men folks" through the winter; at one side of the "jamb" hung the almanac, and at the other some bright woolen "holders" for lifting the kettles from the "hooks."

Fortunately for Terence's design, the room had never been lathed and plastered, and the oaken joists overhead put the finishing touch to his "New England kitchen." Having secured my opinion of his work, and satisfied himself that everything was ready for the evening, Terence escorted me to the door, and we parted.

A few hours later I was met at that same door by a dapper young Irishman, arrayed in a long-tailed coat and knee-breeches of drab; long drab stockings, low shoes with dashing silver buckles; red waistcoat and blue tie, with a "sugar-loaf" hat in his hand.

"It's the top uv the avenin' Ol'm givin' yez, Miss Rayporther," he said cordially. "It's a foine gatherin' ye see forninst ye, isn't it now? For all most uv the byes and gurrls have been undher ground a cintury or so, it's moighty lively they are to-night."

I was a little late, so as I leisurely made my way through the long room, I had an excellent opportunity to notice the costumes of the guests who had nearly all arrived.

Near the door stood a fair, black-eyed maiden, whose wavy dark-brown hair fell from beneath her little Normandy cap, over her pale-blue satin kirtle, that falling open in front displayed the dainty bodice of her dress, also of the blue satin. Silver buckles shone on the front of her high-heeled shoes, and in her ears were rings, brought (as I afterward learned) from her native France, and greatly prized by her as heirlooms.

Of course I recognized her as sweet sorrowful Evangeline, though such was the effect of good company, the Acadian maiden had banished her grief for the nonce, and seemed even to have forgotten her lost Gabriel, in the cheerful companionship of Toledo Blade, who was exerting himself to entertain her.

This young man (for his actions proved his youth in spite of his snow-white wig) was dressed in a complete suit of white silk, trimmed with gold lace, and finished with gold buttons. His face was hidden by a white mask, his feet were shod with white kid moccasins, and a white belt, trimmed with gold lace, and fastened with a gold buckle, held a white, lace-trimmed scabbard, containing a white metal sword, inscribed in gold letters "The Toledo Blade."

"Priscilla, the Puritan maiden," clad in a home-spun gown, with deep white cuffs at her dainty wrists, and a fine white kerchief crossed upon her bosom—Priscilla, the deft-handed and quick-witted, found a fitting mate in Toledo Blade No. 2.

This gentleman wore slippers made of "Real Estate ads," trousers of "Heavy political articles," vest of "The Household," coat of "Too late to classify ads," hat of "Nasby Letters," mask of one of "Sid's" puzzles (which we all know are well-nigh impenetrable), and a huge badge over his heart, made entirely of "Wonder Columns" fringed; not, as he explained, because the column could be bettered by fringe, but because badges usually are fringed.

The "attraction of opposites" was clearly defined by the decided predilection good old William Penn, clad in the sober garb of the "Friends" showed for Pocahontas, who was gorgeous and fantastic, in a costume of white satin, embroidered with colored glass beads, in a combination design of ears of corn, and different kinds of fruit.

Her feet were encased in white satin moccasins embroidered with red and yellow beads, she wore a necklace and bracelets of red, yellow and green beads artistically combined, and her long, luxuriant tresses flowed freely over her shoulders from beneath an Indian head-dress of turkey feathers.

As we have said, the good old Quaker, seemed very much interested in this maid of the forest, and she responded to his attentions with a frank grace that was charming to behold.

Gentle Rose Standish, attired like Priscilla, in home-spun, with snowy cap and apron to "mark the matron from the maid," found a congenial spirit in Rip Van Winkle, who in spite of the weather-beaten condition of his outer garments made a very respectable showing with his frock-coat, breeches fastened at the knee with silver buckles, ruffled shirt, long stockings and low, buckled shoes. His gray hair falling to his shoulders, and the gray beard that reached below his waist, gave him a patriarchal air, that was somewhat belied by the belligerent appearance of the old, rusty blunderbuss that leaned against his knee.

Another war-like weapon met my gaze, on the other side of the room. This was the long rifle, made famous by Cooper in his "Leather Stocking Tales," and close beside it, was Leather Stocking himself, his six feet of sturdy manhood clothed in a coat of deer-skin, dressed with the hair on; breeches and leggins of buck-skin; moccasins of the same, ornamented with porcupine quills.

His head was surmounted by a fox-skin cap, with the "brush" for a tassel; a long hunting knife was stuck in his belt; over his left shoulder was slung a powder horn, scraped so thin that the powder showed plainly through it, and a leather bullet pouch swung at his side. At his feet lay the deer-hound "Hector," also written of by Cooper. The intrepid old scout had apparently met his match at last, for Samantha Allen was seated beside him, "soberly gay" in a new brown alpaca, made with "mutton-leg sleeves" and a basque, with two narrow 'bias' ruffles around the skirt.

She regarded Hector rather severely over the rims of her steel-bowed spectacles, and was careful to keep at a safe distance from the long rifle; but her interest in the early history of her country, so quaintly told by the hunter, kept her at his side, regardless of dog, or gun, or the fact that her Josiah had wandered into a far corner of the room, and was having a cosy little chat with a charming little girl. This was Mistress Daffy-down-dilly, who looked very sweet indeed in her puffed and shirred yellow short gown worn over a petticoat of green; her yellow hair, crowned with a broad green hat, its edges daintily notched like the corolla of her name-sake.

Josiah, in a Prince Albert coat, looked well and knew it, and seemed to renew his youth in his efforts to amuse his pretty companion.

Terence, as the "Wild Irishman," was the success he always is, and his chosen partner for the evening, a demure little Quakeress in shining gray silk gown and bonnet; in spite of her "thees" and "thous" footed it as lightly, and laughed as merrily as he. Near the center of the room was a curious sort of throne made up entirely of books. Upon it was seated a lady, dressed in a costume composed of an arrangement of "squares" and "circles," with an artistic filagree work of "missing words" about the hem. She wore a crown of "stars," around which, little locks of hair curled up inquisitively, and in her ears were interrogation points for ear-rings.

I was told that this was the Goddess of O. W. C., and that the lady in white, with the silver-scales in her hand, who also occupied a seat upon the throne, was Justice.

During the early part of the evening, these two ladies were very busy weighing the claims of the different masquers, with regard to the prize, but when the dancing commenced, Justice hung up her scales, and the Goddess put away her note book, and they circled gaily away in company with two gentlemen in waiting, whom I had observed to be in close attendance upon the Goddess, and who I learned were her great assistants, Mr. Unabridged Webster, and Mr. Encyclopaedia Chambers.

A blue-eyed, fair-haired little girl ran up to me, and introduced her companion, Master Boy Blue, who did not seem nearly such a sleepy fellow, as I had been led to suppose.

His dark blue knickerbocker suit contrasted finely with the vivid scarlet of the costume of the little girl who represented our old friend, "Little Red Riding Hood." Both children wore long stockings matching their dress, and low shoes, with smart little buckles.

Space will not permit me to give a detailed account of the games they played, or of the elaborate refreshments that were served. The dancing programmes contained such numbers as "Money Musk," "Fisher's Hornpike," "Rustic Reel," "Blue Bonnet" and "Virginia Reel," and besides the regular dances, Terence favored the company with a genuine Irish jig, and Evangeline and the Puritan ladies tried to initiate their companions into the solemn delights of the minuet. Young America found it difficult to measure his paces so sedately, however, and the dance ended in a very undignified frolic called "The Wild Irishman," in which even the grave Leather Stocking became hilarious, and Josiah Allen lost his head entirely (or his wig, rather).

It was late when the party broke up, but no one would admit that they were the least bit tired, and all joined with a will in giving three cheers for Terence and the Wonder Column.

So the masquerade ended, and the editor of Our Wonder Column wants me to offer her hearty thanks to the Puzzlers, whose ready co-operation made the affair a success.

She thanks them for the help they have given her in the column during the last twelve months, and for the good-will they have expressed in their letters to her, and she wishes them all good health and happiness in the years to come.

A vote of the company as to which costume deserved the prize offered by the editor resulted in the following unanimous verdict: "As Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, was present at the first celebration of Thanksgiving day, and was one to whom our ancestors owed much for her "delicate cookery" and care of the sick during those trying times, her representative is certainly the most appropriate person to receive the "Thanksgiving day prize."

Consequently, Miss Mary Eddy, who impersonated Priscilla, will be awarded the prize.

The other characters were taken by the following persons:

Pocahontas—Miss Irma F. Boyle.
Evangeline—"Helen."
Rose Standish—"Rhoda."
The Goddess of O. W. C.—"Mollie Moore."
Justice—"Lorene."
Quakeress—"L. W."
Samantha Allen—Miss Dorothy Kimball.
Daffy-down-dilly—Miss Lou Cooper.
Red Riding Hood—Miss Inez Record.
Toledo Blade—"Captain Jinks."
Toledo Blade No. 2—"Ned."
Rip Van Winkle—"Sid."
Leather Stocking—Mr. Wilson Feagler.
Josiah Allen—Mr. Fred Benson.
William Penn—Mr. Andrew French.
A Wild Irishman—Mr. Terence O'Shaughnessy.
Boy Blue—Gerald Stowe.
"Mr. Unabridged Webster"—Mr. Joe Dudley.
"Mr. Encyclopaedia Chambers"—Mr. Arthur Phelps.

Owing to the length of the Young People's "Masquerade," the Merry-Go-Rounds are crowded out this week. However, the Wonder Lovers do not often come together in this way, so they are welcome.

BOB'S STOCKING.

Susan and Mary, and dear little Rod,
All hung up their stockings, but greedy Bob,
Who was always hungry and dirty, too,
Thought he had a much better plan in view;
The rest went to bed, he lingered behind
With the largest stocking he could find,
And laughed with glee as he thought of the lot
Of things he would get by means of his plot.

When Christmas morn dawned, the children all ran
To the chimney-piece their treasures to scan.
A doll was for Mary, another for Sue,
And in Rod's stocking a horn hung in view,
While all of the three that hung in a row
Were stuffed full of candies from top to toe,
But greedy Bob's held to its utmost scope
Nothing but cakes of pure Ivory Soap.

Santa

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

THE HAWAIIAN MESSAGE.

THE WHOLE VEXED QUESTION DUMPED INTO CONGRESS.

Pathetic Tale of Woe and Diplomatic Failure Told by Mr. Cleveland in Six Thousand Words—Thinks the United States is Wholly to Blame.

To the Senate and House of Representatives:—In my recent annual message to the Congress I briefly referred to our relations with Hawaii and expressed the intention of transmitting further information on the subject when additional advices permitted. Though I am not able now to report a definite change in the actual situation I am convinced that the difficulties lately created both here and in Hawaii and now standing in the way of solution through executive action of the problem presented, render it proper and expedient that the matter should be referred to the broader authority and discretion of Congress, with a full explanation of the endeavor thus far made to deal with the emergency and a statement of the consideration which have governed my action.

I suppose that right and justice should determine the path to be followed in treating this subject. If national honesty is to be disregarded and a desire for territorial extension, or dissatisfaction with a form of government not our own is to regulate our conduct, I have entirely misapprehended the mission and character of our government and the behavior which the conscience of our people demands of their public servants.

When the present administration entered upon its duties the Senate had under consideration a treaty providing for the annexation of the Hawaiian islands to the territory of the United States. Surely under our constitution and laws the enlargement of our limits is a manifestation of the highest attribute of sovereignty and if entered upon as an executive act all things relating to the transaction should be clear and free from suspicion.

Additional importance is attached to this peculiar treaty of annexation because it contemplated a departure from unbroken American tradition in providing for the addition of our territory of islands of the sea more than 2,000 miles removed from our nearest coast.

"These considerations might not of themselves call for interference with the completion of a treaty entered upon by a previous administration. But it appeared from the documents accompanying the treaty which is submitted to the Senate that the ownership of Hawaii was tendered to us by a provisional government set up to succeed the constitutional ruler of the islands, who had been dethroned, and it did not appear that such provisional government had the sanction of either popular revolution or suffrage. Two other remarkable features of the transaction naturally attracted attention.

"One was the extraordinary haste—not to say precipitancy—characterizing all the transactions connected with the treaty. It appeared that a so-called committee of safety, ostensibly the source of the revolt against the constitutional government of Hawaii, was organized on Saturday, the 14th day of January; that on Monday, the 16th, the United States forces were landed at Honolulu from a naval vessel lying in its harbor; that on the 17th the scheme of a provisional government was perfected, and a proclamation naming its officers was on the same day prepared, and read at the government buildings that immediately thereupon the United States minister recognized the provisional government thus created; that two days afterward, on the 19th day of January, commissioners representing such government sailed for this country in a steamer especially chartered for the occasion, arriving in San Francisco on the 26th day of January, and in Washington on the 3d day of February; that next day they had their first interview with the secretary of State, and another on the 11th, when the treaty annexing the Islands was practically agreed upon, and that on the 14th it was formally concluded, and on the 15th transmitted to the Senate.

Took Thirty-Two Days.

"Thus between the initiation of the scheme for a provisional government in Hawaii, on the 14th of January, and the submission to the Senate of the treaty of annexation, concluded with such government, the entire interval was thirty-two days, fifteen of which were spent by the Hawaiian commissioners in their journey to Washington.

THE POINT ABOUT THE TROOPS.

Why Cleveland Sent Mr. Blount to Hawaii.

In the next place, upon the face of the paper submitted with the treaty, it clearly appeared that there was open and undetermined issue of fact of the most vital importance. The message of the president accompanying the treaty declared that "The overthrow of the monarchy was not in any way promoted by this government," and in a letter to the president from the secretary of state, also submitted to the Senate with the treaty, the following passage occurs:

"At the time the provisional government took possession of the government buildings no troops, or officers of the United States were present, or took any part whatever in the proceedings. No public recognition was accorded to the provisional government by the United States minister until after the queen's abdication, and when they were in effective possession of the government buildings, the archives, the treasury, the barracks, the police station, and all the potential machinery of the government."

But a protest also accompanied said treaty, signed by the queen and her ministers at the time she made way for the provisional government, which explicitly stated that she yielded to the superior force of the United States, whose minister had caused United States troops to be landed at Honolulu, and declared that he would support such provisional government.

The truth or falsity of this protest was surely of the first importance. If true, nothing but the concealment of its truth could induce our government to negotiate with the semblance of a government thus created, nor could a treaty resulting from the acts stated in the protest have been knowingly deemed worthy of consideration by the Senate. Yet the truth or falsity of the protest had not been investigated.

I conceived it to be my duty, therefore, to withdraw the treaty from the Senate for examination, and meanwhile to cause an accurate, full and impartial investigation to be made of the facts attending the subversion of the constitutional government of Hawaii, and the installment in its place of the provisional government. I selected for the work of investigation the Hon. James H. Blount, of Georgia, whose service of eighteen years as a member of the House of Representatives, and whose experience as chairman of the committee of Foreign Affairs in that body, and his consequent familiarity with international topics, joined with his high character and honorable reputation, seemed to render him peculiarly fitted for the duties entrusted to him. His report detailing his action under the instructions given to him, and the conclusions derived from his investigation, accompany this message.

These conclusions do not rest for their acceptance entirely upon Mr. Blount's honesty and ability as an investigator. They are accompanied by the evidence upon which they are based, which evidence is also herewith transmitted, and from which it seems to me no other deductions could possibly be reached than those arrived at by the commissioner.

The report, with its accompanying proofs, and such other evidence as is now before the Congress, or is herewith submitted, justifies, in my opinion, the statement that when the President was led to submit the treaty to the Senate with the declaration that "the overthrow of the monarchy was not in any way promoted by this government," and when the Senate was induced to receive and discuss it on that basis, both President and Senate were misled.

The attempt will not be made in this communication to touch upon all the facts which throw light upon the progress and consummation of the scheme of the annexation. A very brief and imperfect reference to the facts and evidence at hand will exhibit a character and the incidents on which it had its birth.

Cuts Minister Stevens.

It is unnecessary to set forth the reasons which, in January, 1893, led a considerable portion of the American and other foreign merchants and traders residing at Honolulu to favor the annexation of Hawaii to the United States. it is sufficient to note the fact, and to observe that the project was one which was zealously promoted by the minister representing the United States in that country. He evidently had an ardent desire that it should become a fact accomplished by his agency, and during his ministry, and was not inconveniently scrupulous as to the means employed to that end. On the 10hit day of November, 1892, nearly two months before the first overt act tending towards the subversion of the Hawaiian government and the attempted transfer of Hawaiian territory to the United States, he addressed a long letter to the Secretary of State, in which the case for annexation was elaborately argued, on moral, political and economical grounds.

He refers to the loss to the Hawaiian sugar interests from the operation of the McKinley bill, and the tendency to still further depreciation of sugar property, unless some positive measure of relief is granted. He strongly inveighs against the existing Hawaiian government, and emphatically declares for annexation. He says: "In truth, the monarchy here is an absurd anachronism. It has nothing on which it logically or legitimately stands. The actual basis on which once stood, no longer existing, the monarchy now is only an impediment to good government—an obstruction to the prosperity and progress of the islands."

TOASTING MINISTER STEVENS.

The President Cites His Letters in Support of Gresham's Action.

He further says "as a crown colony of Great Britain or a territory of the United States the government modifications could be made readily and good administration of the laws secured. Losing self and the vast future interests of the United States in the Pacific clearly indicates what at no distant day must be responsible for the government of these islands. Under a territorial government they could be as easily governed as any of the existing territories of the United States.

"Hawaii has reached the parting of the ways. She must now take the road which leads to Asia or the other which outlets her in America, gives her an American civilization and binds her to the care of American destiny."

He also declares:

"One of two courses seems to me absolutely necessary to be followed, either bold and vigorous for annexation, or a 'customs union,' an ocean cable from the California coast to Honolulu, her harbor perpetually ceded to the United States with an implied but not expressly stipulated American protectorate over the islands. I believe the former to be the better, that which will prove much the more advantageous to the islands and the cheapest and least embarrassing in the end to the United States. If it was wise for the United States, through Secretary Marcy, 38 years ago to offer to expend $100,000 to secure a treaty of annexation, it certainly can not be chimerical or unwise to expend $100,000 to secure annexation in the near future. To-day the United States has five times the wealth she possessed in 1854, and reasons now existing for annexation are much stronger than they were then. I can not refrain from expressing the opinion with emphasis that the golden hour is near at hand."

These declarations certainly show a disposition and condition of mind which may be usefully recalled when interpreting the significance of the minister's conceded acts or when considering the probabilities of such conduct on his part as may not be admitted.

In this view it seems proper to also hear from a letter written by the minister to the secretary of state on the 5th day of March, 1892, nearly a year prior to the first step taken toward annexation. After stating the possibility that the existing government of Hawaii might be overturned by an orderly and peaceful revolution, Minister Stevens writes as follows:

"Ordinarily in like circumstances, the rule seems to be to limit the landing and movement of the United States forces in foreign waters and dominion exclusively to the protection of the United States legation and of the lives and property of American citizens. But as the relations of the United States to Hawaii are exceptional, and in former years the United States officials here took somewhat exceptional action in circumstances of disorder, I desire to know how far the present minister and naval commander may deviate from established international rules and precedents, might be improved to successfully accomplish the great object in view, and we are quite prepared for the exultant enthusiasm with which in a letter to the state department, dated February 1, 1893, he declares: 'The Hawaiian pear is now fully ripe and this is the golden hour for the United States to pluck it.'

As a further illustration of the acitvity of this diplomatic representative, attention is called to the fact that on the day the above letter was written, apparently unable longer to restrain his ardor he issued a proclamation, wherein "in the name of the United States," he assumed the protection of the Hawaiian Islands and declared that said action was "taken pending and, subject to negotiations at Washington."

TELLS THE OLD STORY.

Mr. Cleveland Practically Gives Blount's Version of It.

Of course tis assumption of a protectorate was promptly disavowed by our government, but the American flag remained over the government building at Honolulu, and the forces remained on guard until April, and after Mr. Blount's arrival on the scene, when both were removed. A brief statement of the occurrences that led to the subversion of the constitutional government of Hawaii in the interests of annexation to the United States will exhibit the true complexion of that transaction.

'On Saturday, January 14, 1893, the Queen of Hawaii, who had been contemplating the proclamation of a new constitution, had, in deference to the wishes and remonstrances of her cabinet, renounced the project for the present at least. Taking this relinquished purpose as a basis of action, citizens of Honolulu numbering from fifty to one hundred, mostly resident aliens, met in a private office and selected a so-called committee of safety, composed of thirteen persons, seven of whom were foreign subjects, and consisted of five Americans, one Englishman and one German. This committee, though its designs were not revealed, had in view nothing less than annexation to the United States, and between Saturday, the 14th, and the following Monday, the 16th of January —though exactly what action was taken may not be clearly disclosed—they were certainly in communication with the United States minister.

"On Monday morning the Queen and her cabinet made public a proclamation, with a notice which was specially served upon the representatives of all foreign governments that any changes in the constitution would be sought only in the methods provided by that instrument. Nevertheless, at the call and under the auspices of the committee of safety a mass meeting of citizens was held on that date to protest against the Queen's alleged illegal and unlawful proceedings and purposes. Even at this meeting the committee of safety continued to disguise their real purpose and contented themselves with procuring the passage of a resolution demanding the queen, and appointing a committee to devise ways and means "to secure the permanent maintenance of law and order, and the protection of life, liberty, and property in Hawaii."

This meeting adjourned between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. On the same day, and immediately after such adjournment, the committee, unwilling to take further steps without the co-operation of the United States minister, addressed a note, representing that the public safety was menaced, and that lives and property were in danger, and concluded as follows:

"We are unable to protect ourselves without aid, and therefore pray for the protection of the United States forces."

Whatever may be thought of the other contents of this note, the absolute truth of this latter statement is incontestable. When the note was written and delivered, the committee, so far as it appears, had neither a man nor a gun at their command, and after its delivery they became so panic-stricken at their position that they sent some of their number to interview the minister and request him not to land the United States forces till the next morning; but he replied that the troops had been ordered, and whether the committee was ready or not, the landing should take place.

And so it happened that on the 16th day of January, 1893, between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, a detachment of marines from the United States steamer Boston, with two pieces of artillery, landed at Honolulu. The men, upwards of 160 in all, were supplied with double cartridge belts, filled with ammunition, and with haversacks and canteens, and were accompanied by a hospital corps with stretchers and medical supplies. This demonstration upon the soil of Honolulu was of itself an act of war, unless made either with the consent of the government of Hawaii, or for the bona fide purpose of protecting the imperilled lives and property of citizens of the United States; but there is no pretense of any such consent on the part of the government of the queen which, at that time, was undisputed, and is both de facto and the de jure government.

In point of fact the existing government, instead of requesting the presence of an armed force, protested against it. There is as little basis for the pretense that such forces were landed for the security of American life and property. If so, they would have been stationed in the vicinity of such property and so as to protect it, instead of at a distance and so as to command the Hawaiian government building and palace. Admiral Skerrett, the officer in command of our naval force on the Pacific station, has frankly stated that in his opinion the location of the troops was inadvisable, if they were landed for the protection of American citizens, whose residences and places of business, as well as the legation and consulate were in a distant part of the city, but that the location selected was a wise one if the forces were landed for the purpose of supporting the provisional government.

If any peril to life and property calling for any such martial array had existed, Great Britain and other foreign powers interested would not have been behind the United States in promptly protect the citizens, but they made no sign in that direction. When these armed men were landed the city of Honolulu was in its customary orderly and peaceful condition. There was no symptom of riot or disturbance in any quarter. Men, women and children were about the streets as usual and nothing varied the ordinary routine or disturbed the ordinary tranquility, except the landing of the Bostonians, marines and their march through the town to the quarters assigned them.

Indeed, the fact that after having called for the landing of the United States forces on the plea of danger to life and property, the committee of safety themselves requested the minister to postpone action, exposed the untruthfulness of their representations of present peril to life and property. The peril they saw was an anticipation growing out of guilty intentions on their part and something which, though not then existing, they knew would certainly follow their attempt to overthrow the government of the queen without the aid of the United States forces. Thus it appears that Hawaii was taken possession of by the United States forces without the consent or wish of the government of the islands, or of anybody else, so far as shown, except the United States minister.

CARRYING OUT THE SCHEME.

Troops Helped Stevens to Recognize the New Order.

Therefore, the military occupation of Honolulu by the United States on the day mentioned was wholly without justification, either as an occupation by consent or as an occupation necessitated by dangers threatening American life and property. It must be accounted for in some other way and on some other ground, and its real motive and purpose are neither obscure nor far to seek.

The United States forces being now on the scene and favorably stationed, the committee proceeded to carry out their original scheme. They met the next morning—Tuesday, the 17th—perfected the plan of temporary government and fixed upon its principal officers, ten of whom were drawn from the thirteen members of the Committee of Safety. Between 1 and 2 o'clock, by squads and by different routes, to avoid notice, and having first taken the precaution of ascertaining whether there was any one to oppose them, they proceeded to the government building to proclaim the new government. No sign of opposition was manifest, and therefore an American citizen began to read the proclamation from the steps of the government building, almost entirely without auditors. It is said that before the reading was finished, quite a concourse of persons, variously estimated at from 50 to 100, some armed and some unarmed, gathered about the committee, to give them aid and confidence.

This statement is not important, since the one controlling factor in the whole affair was unquestionably the United States marines, who, were drawn up under arms and with artillery in readiness, only 76 yards distant, dominated the situation.

The provisional government thus proclaimed was, by the terms of the proclamation, to exist until terms of union with the United States had been negotiated and agreed upon.

The United States minister, pursuant to prior agreement, recognized this government within an hour after the reading of the proclamation, and before 5 o'clock, in answer to an inquiry on behalf of the Queen and her cabinet, announced that he had done so.

When our minister recognized the provisional government, the only basis upon which it rested was the fact that the Committee of Public Safety had, in the manner above stated, declared it to exist. It was neither a government de facto nor de jure. That it was not in such possession of the government property and agencies as entitled it to recognition is conclusively proved by a note found in the files of the legation at Honolulu, addressed by the declared head of the provisional government to Minister Stevens, dated January 17, 1893, in which he acknowledges with expressions of appreciation the minister's recognition of the provisional government and states that it is not yet in the possession of the station house (the place where a large number of the queen's troops were quartered, though the same had been demanded of the queen's officers in charge. Nevertheless this wrongful recognition of our minister placed the government of the queen in a position of most perilous perplexity.

On the one hand she had possession of the palace, of the barracks and of the police station, and had at her command at least five hundred fully armed men and several pieces of artillery. Indeed, the whole military force of her kingdom was on her side and at her disposal, while the committee of safety, by actual search, had discovered that there were but very few arms in Honolulu that were not in the service of the government. In this state of things, if the queen could have dealt with the insurgents alone, her course would have been plain and the result unmistakable. But the United States had allied itself with her enemies, had recognized them as the true government of Hawaii, and had put her and her adherents in the position of opposition against lawful authority.

She knew that she could not withstand the power of the United States, but she believed that she might safely trust to its justice. Accordingly, some hours after the recognition of the provisional government by the United States minister, the palace, the barracks and the police station, with all the military resources of he country, were delivered up by the queen upon the representation made to her that her cause would thereafter be reviewed at Washington, and while protesting that she surrendered to the superior force of the United States, whose minister ordered United States troops to land at Honolulu and declared that he would support the provisional government, and that she yielded her authority to prevent collision of armed foes and loss of life and only until such time as the United States upon the facts being presented to it should undo the action of its representative and reinstate her and the authority she claimed as the constitutional sovereign of the Hawaiian Islands.

This protest was delivered to the chief of the provisional government, who endorsed thereon his acknowledgement of its receipt. The terms of the protest were read without dissent by those assuming to constitute the provisional government, who were certainly charged with the knowledge that the queen, instead of finally abandoning her power had appealed to the justice of the United States for reinstatement in her authority, and yet the provisional government, with this unanswered protest in its hand, hastened to negotiate with the United States for the permanent banishment of the queen from power and for a sale of her kingdom.

HE CALLS IT A BARGAIN.

Hard Names Put to the Action of Minister Stevens.

"Our country was in danger of occupying the position of having actually set up a temporary government on foreign soil for the purpose of acquiring through that agency territory which we had wrongfully put in our possession.

The control of both sides of a bargain acquired in such a manner is called by a familiar and unpleasant name when found on private transactions. We are without a precedent showing how scrupulously we avoided such accusations in former days. After the people of Texas had declared their independence of Mexico, they resolved that on the acknowledgement of their independence by the United States they would seek admission into the Union. Several months after the battle of San Jacinto, by which Texan independence was practically assured and established, President Jackson declined to recognize it, alleging it as one of his reasons that in the circumstances it became us 'to beware of an early movement, as it might, subject us, however unjustly, to the imputation of seeking to establish the claim of our neighbors to a territory with a view to its subsequent acquisition by ourselves.' This is in marked contrast with the hasty recognition of a government openly and concededly set up for the purpose of tendering to us territorial annexation.

"I believe that candid and thorough examination of the facts will force the conviction that the provisional government owes its existence to an armed invasion by the United States. Fair minded people with the evidence before them will hardly claim that the Hawaiian government was overthrown by the people of the islands or that the provisional government has ever existed with their consent. I do not understand that any member of this government claims that the people would uphold it by their suffrages, if they were allowed to vote on the question. While naturally sympathizing with every effort to establish a republican form of government, it is a settled policy of the United States to concede to people of foreign countries the same freedom and independence in the management of their domestic affairs that we have always claimed for ourselves; and it has been our practice to recognize revolutionary governments as soon as it became apparent that they were supported by the people.

"For illustration of this rule I need only refer to the revolution in Brazil in 1889, when our minister was instructed to recognize the republic, 'so soon as a majority of the people of Brazil should have signified their assent to its establishment and maintenance;' to the revolution in Chile in 1891, when our minister was directed to recognize the new government 'if it was accepted by the people.' And to the revolution in Venezuela in 1892, when our recognition was accorded on condition that the new government was 'fully established, in possession of the power of the nation, and accepted by the people.' As I apprehend the situation, we are brought face to face with the following conditions:

The lawful goverament of Hawaii was overthrown without the drawing of a sword or the firing of a shot, by a process, every step of which, it may be safely asserted, is directly traceable to and dependent for its success upon the agency of the United States government through its diplomatic and naval representatives.

But for the notorious predilections of the United States minister for annexation, the committee of safety, which should be called the committee of annexation, would never have existed.

But for the landing of the United States forces upon false pretexts respecting the danger to life and property, the committee would never have exposed themselves to the pains and penalties of treason by undertaking the subversion of the queen's government.

But for the presence of the United States forces in the immediate vicinity, and in position to afford all needed protection and support, the committee would not have proclaimed the provisional government from the steps of the government building; and, finally, but for the lawless occupation of Honolulu, under false pretexts, by the United States forces, and but for Stevensen for recognizance of the provisional government when the United States forces were its sole support and constituted its military strength, its officers and men, government would never have yielded to the provisional government, even for a time, and for the sole purpose of submitting her case to the enlightened justice of the United States.

Believing, therefore, that the United States could not, under the circumstances disclosed, annex the Islands without justly incurring the imputation of acquiring them by unjustifiable methods, I shall not again submit the treaty of annexation to the Senate for its consideration, and in the instructions to Minister Willis, a copy of which accompanies this message, I have directed him to so inform the provisional government.

But in the present instance our present duty does not, in my opinion, end with refusing to consummate this questionable transaction. It has been the boast of our government that it seeks to do justice in all things, without regard to the strength or weakness of those with whom it deals. I mistake the American people if they favor the odious doctrine that there is no such thing as international morality; that there is one law for a strong nation and another for a weak one; and that even by deliberate a strong power may with impunity despoil a weak one of its territory.

By an act of war, committed with the participation of a diplomatic representative of the United States and without authority of Congress, a government of feeble and confiding people has been overthrown. A substantial wrong has thus been done which a due regard for our national character, as well as the rights of the injured people, requires that we should endeavor to repair. The provisional government has not issued a republican or other constitutional form, and has no more executive, judicial, or oligarchy, set up without the consent of the people. It has not sought to find a permanent basis of popular support, and has given no evidence of an intention to do so. Indeed, the representatives of that government assert that the people of Hawaii are unit for popular government, and frankly avow that they do not desire it. Their only reliance is force. The law of nations is founded upon reason and justice, and the rules of conduct governing individual relations between citizens or subjects of a civilized state are equally applicable as between enlightened nations.

The considerations that international law is without a court for its enforcement, and that obedience to its commands practically depends upon good faith, instead of upon the mandate of a superior tribunal, only give additional sanction to the law itself and brand any deliberate infraction of it not merely as a wrong but as a disgrace. A man of true honor protects the unwritten word which binds his conscience more scrupulously. If possible, than he does the bond, a breach of which subjects him to legal liabilities; and the United States in aiming to maintain itself as one of the most enlightened of nations would do its citizens gross injustice if it applied to its international relatons any other than a high standard of honor and morality. On that ground the United States cannot properly be put in the position of countenancing a wrong after its commission any more than in that of consenting to it in advance. On that ground it cannot allow itself to refuse to redress an injury inflicted through a base power by officers clothed with its authority and wearing its uniform; and on the same ground, if a feeble but friendly state is in danger of being robbed of its independence and its sovereignty by a misuse of the name of power of the United States, the United States cannot fail to vindicate its honor and its sense of justice by an earnest effort to make all possible reparation.

APPLYING THESE PRINCIPLES.

How Mr. Cleveland's Plans Have Been Checked.

These principles apply to the present case with irresistible force when the especial conditions of the queen's surrender of her sovereignty are recalled. She surrendered not to the provisional government, but to the United States. She surrendered not absolutely and permanently, but temporarily and conditionally until such time as the facts could be considered by the United States. Furthermore, the provisional government acquiesced in her surrender in that manner and upon those terms not only by tacit consent but through the positive acts of some members of the government who urged her peaceful submission, not merely to avoid bloodshed, but because she could place implicit reliance upon the justice of the United States, and that the whole subject would be finally considered at Washington.

I have now, however, overlooked an incident of this unfortunate affair which remains to be mentioned. The members of the provisional government and their supporters, though not entitled to extreme sympathy have been led to their present predicament of revolt against the government of the queen by the indefensible encouragement and assistance of our diplomatic representatives.

This fact may entitle them to claim that in every effort to rectify the wrong of the committee some regard should be had for their safety. This sentiment is strongly seconded by my anxiety to do nothing which would invite either harsh retaliation on the part of the queen or violence and bloodshed in any quarter. In the belief that the queen as well as her enemies would be willing to adopt such a course as would meet these conditions, and in view of the fact that both the queen and the provisional government had at one time apparently acquiesced in a reference of the entire case to the United States government, and considering the further fact that in any event the present government by its own declared limitation was only "to exist until terms of union with the United States of America have been negotiated and agreed upon."

I hoped that after the assurance to the members of that government that such union could not be consummated. I might compass a peaceful adjustment of the difficulty. Actuated by these desires and purposes and not unmindful of the inherent perplexities of the situation nor of the limitations upon my power, I instructed Minister Willis to advise the queen and her supporters of my desire to aid in the restoration of the status existing before the lawless landing of the United States forces at Honolulu on the 16th of January last, if such restoration could be effected upon terms providing for clemency as well as justice to all parties concerned. The conditions suggested as the last instructions show, contemplate a general amnesty to those concerned in setting up the provisional government and a recognition of all its bona fide acts. In short they require that the past should be buried and that the restored government should resume its authority as if its continuity had not been interrupted. These conditions have not proved acceptable to the queen, and though she has been informed that they will be insited upon, and that, unless acceded to, the efforts of the President to aid in the restoration of her government will cease, I have not thus far learned that she is willing to yield them her acquiesence.

The check which my plans have thus encountered has prevented their presentation to the members of the provisional government, while unfortunate public misrepresentations of the situation and exaggerated statements of the sentiments of our people have obviously injured the prospects of successful exactive mediation. I, therefore, submit this communication with its accompanying exhibits, embracing Mr. Blount's report, the evidence and statements taken by him at Honolulu, the instructions given to both Mr. Blount and Minister Willis, and correspondence connected with the affair in hand.

In commending this subject to the extended powers and wide discretion of the Congress I desire to add the assurance that I shall be much gratified to co-operate in any legislative plan which may be devised for the solution of the problem before us, which is consistent with American honor, integrity and morality.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Executive Mansion, Washington, Dec. 18, 1893.

GOMPERS RE-ELECTED.

The Fight in the Federation of Labor Against Him.

Chicago, Dec. 18.—After a contest within the organization of several months' duration, which in the closing days was marked by considerable bitterness and exchange of personalities, Samuel Gompers, of New York, was on Saturday night, for the twelfth time, elected president of the American Federation of Labor. The battle was hard fought and hard won, his majority being but 92 in a total vote of 2,536. In the decade and more that he has been at the head of the organization his service in the main has been satisfactory to the elements that go to make up its membership, but of late his conservative policy, especially his pronounced stand against radical measures and methods, have tended toward making him many enemies.

Months ago these decided to make a bitter fight against his re-election, and from the hour that the first contingent of delegates arrived in the city, electioneering and caucusing in favor of a new candidate was in order. After numerous available candidates had been canvassed, the opposition finally concentrated upon John McBride, of Ohio, president of the United Mine Workers, and at the adjournment Saturday afternoon the supporters of the latter declared that the fight was already won.

The re-election of President Gompers was moved by Delegate Charles

JOHN B. LENNON.

F. Reichers of the Garment Workers' union and seconded by a dozen delegates. John McBride was nominated by Phillip Penna, of the United Mine Workers. Henry Weesman, the delegate of the New York bakers, was placed in nomination, but declined in favor of Gompers in a stirring speech. Vice President P. J. McGuire, of New York, the president's chief lieutenant, created a sensation by a bitter attack upon his chief. He said

O. C. M'LOGAN.

that the organization needed new blood, new energy and new force. It had tired of chestnuts, and in obedience to the demands of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners he supported McBride. Delegate Frank K. Foster, of the Jack Makers' union came back with an equally bitter attack on the president's opponents, declaring that the federation would not cast aside in the day of victory those who had been in the front ranks during the battle of years. Several other nominations were made and declined, and the contest narrowed itself down to Gompers and McBride.

When the result was declared several of the delegates went wild with enthusiasm; snatching handfuls of pamphlets and documents from their desks and throwing them into the air. The election was made unanimous and President Gompers, on being installed, pledged his best efforts to the cause, regardless of friends or foes.

Several nominations were made for first vice president, but all were declined in favor of P. J. McGuire, who was re-elected by acclamation.

C. L. Drummond, of the International Typographical union was chosen second vice president by acclamation. James Brittel of the Amalgamated Iron and Steel Workers' was selected as third vice president.

DISASTER NEAR LOUISVILLE.

Many Killed and Wounded in a Railroad Accident.

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 18.—Section 2 of No. 14 freight train of the Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern railway, north-bound, was wrecked at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, and 14 cars, 10 stock cars and four loaded coal flats, with the engine, were precipitated down a steep embankment between West Point and Muldraugh, Ky., 24 miles south of Louisville. Three lives were lost, one man probably fatally injured, three others slightly hurt, and about one hundred cattle and 43 many hogs were slaughtered.

COXE TO SATOLLI.

The Venerable Bishop of New York Speaks His Mind to Satolli.

Buxalo, N. Y., Dec. 14.—Bishop Cleveland Coxe, of the Episcopal church, has written another open letter to Monsignor Satolli. In part he says:

"The society of Jesuits is not a church, but a conspiracy."

As a specification of his general charge, Bishop Coxe points to the course of recent events in Buffalo, referring particularly to Satolli's visit, and his open affiliation with that detestable element in the citizenship of the town that is headed by Lieutenant Governor Sheehan. The bishop instances some of the outrageous acts of the Sheehan party, and declares his belief that behind Sheehan has been operating secretly the malignant influence of Jesuits.

"You and your retinue of dignitaries made common cause with this offender," he says to Satolli.

"In Maryland and in this state the farce of liberalism having been played out, you dropped your mask and openly made war on our public schools, and grasped at the sacred fund on which they depend, to be employed in Jesuit schools, under an alien priesthood, for the propagation of Shechanized ideas of our constitutional rights and safeguards.

"I close this letter," says the bishop, "by quoting the words of Washington himself, as showing what he would think of you. Thus he has taught me and all his countrymen: 'Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence—I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens—the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake; since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most harmful foes of the republican government.'"

TERRIBLE BRIDGE ACCIDENT.

Span of the Louisville & Jeffersonville Bridge Gives Way.

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 15.—At 10:16 this morning, a whole span of the Jeffersonville bridge fell and 25 men Jeffersonville bridge fell. It was under construction by the Phoenixville Bridge Co., of Phoenixville, Pa.

The accident was due to the insecure placing of the "traveler" last night. The wind still further loosened it and this morning the order was given to draw it back into place and the engines were started.

The wind was high and the swaying of the false work forced the traveler from the piles on which it was placed. When the end slipped off the men realized their danger. The engineer called to the men, and 10 of the 51 escaped. Forty fell 110 feet into the water.

The span which fell would have been finished this afternoon. After the "traveler" had been fastened to the pier there would have been no danger from the wind or the current.

The shocking accident was witnessed by men employed along the river front and on the boats plying up and down the river.

The ferry company at once sent two boats to assist in securing the bodies of the dead and dying and rescuing the workmen still alive.

ARE AFTER MR. MORTON.

Patrons of Industry Say That He Must Resign or Retract.

Harrisburg, Dec. 15.—A resolution was adopted at to-day's meeting of the State Grange Patrons of Husbandry, demanding that the secretary of agriculture, Morton, retract his utterances relative to the grange alliance and kindred agricultural organizations made in his speech before the world's fair congress at Chicago in September last.

Should Mr. Morton refuse, President Cleveland will be requested to call for his resignation and appoint a person whose views are in accord with the grangers.

MUST ENFORCE THE LAW.

Collector Welbern Has Received Special Instructions.

San Francisco, Dec. 16.—Collector of Internal Revenue Welborn has received word from Washington that instructions concerning the registration of Chinese laborers have been mailed to him, and that registration will begin December 20. It is believed here that nearly all Chinese laborers will avail themselves of the privilege of remaining in the United States by registering. The Chinese Six Companies will issue a circular instructing all Chinese laborers to comply with the laws.

THE FARMERS' CONGRESS.

They Are In Favor of Improvement of Water Ways and Harbors.

Savannah, Ga., Dec. 14.—The farmers' congress to-day declared itself in favor of the economical improvement of waterways and harbors, and commends to Congress the connection of the Mississippi and the great lakes by a ship canal, and the improvement of the Mississippi and several of the most important harbors on our gulf and Atlantic coasts. The Congress is also in favor of rural free mail delivery.

INDIANA SHAKEN UP.

Earthquake Gets In Its Work Over the State.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 14.—(Special.)—Severe shocks of earthquake are reported this afternoon about 1 o'clock from a dozen towns in the southern part of the state and east of this city.

A Serious Collision.

Dunkirk, N. Y., Dec. 16—About 7 o'clock last night a wreck occurred on the New York & Pennsylvania about six miles north of here, resulting in the loss of three lives and the injury of others. The West-bound passenger train that leaves Buffalo at 5:30 p. m. ran over a trestle near Sheridan Crossing, which had been weakened by the floods, incident to the heavy rains. The trestle bore up when the engine passed over, but succumbed directly after, precipitating the tender, a baggage car and smoker into the creek. The other cars crowded them down and helped to crush them and their occupants.

The bodies of five passengers have been taken out of the wreck.

Fire in Buffalo.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 14.—The Arcade block on Main street caught fire today, and in a few minutes the "Yerxa's" block next door caught and both were soon a mass of flames. The spread of the fire was stopped at the Yerxas block by a fire wall next door.

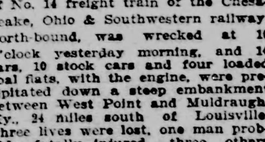
Both the arcade and the Yerxas' blocks were entirely destroyed, and it was only by the extraordinary efforts of the firemen that other buildings were not damaged. There were a number of narrow escapes of persons in the burning blocks, but all were reached. Later estimates of the loss place it at $750,000.

A Half-Million Fire.

New York, Dec. 16.—A fire broke out yesterday in the furniture and upholstery seven story building of Henry Thoesen & Bro., Third avenue and Forty-ninth street, destroying nearly $500,000 worth of property in less than an hour from the time of its discovery.

Heavy Loss by Fire.

Troy, Dec. 15.—The fire, started yesterday afternoon, proved to be more disastrous than was at first expected. It raged all night, but was finally subdued at 1 a. m. The losses aren of obtainable at this hour but will reach in the neighborhood of $150,000 to $200,000, and are believed to be fully covered by insurance. The ruins are still smoldering and the firemen are still playing on the embers.



FREE REMEDY.

BEFORE. MANHOOD RESTORED AFTER.

Small, weak organs enlarged, Emissions, Impotency, Varicocele, and all effects of Self-Abuse or Excess cured. Lower returned. I will gladly send (sealed), FREE, to all sufferers a receipt that cured me of these troubles. Address, L. BEADLEY, Box S 21, Battle Creek, Mich.

FOREIGN.

SIGNOR CRISPI'S CABINET.

It is Not Officially Announced But is Practically Completed.

Rome, Dec. 15.—The new ministry has practically been completed although it has not yet been gazetted. It will probably be as follows:

Signor Crispi, premier, minister of the interior and ad interim minister for foreign affairs; Signor Calenda, minister of justice; Signor Saracco, minister of the treasury; Signor Son-

SIGNOR CRISPI.

nino, minister of finance; Gen. Micceni, minister of war; Admiral Me[illegible], minister of marine; Signor Baccelli, minister of education; Signor Boselli, minister of husbandry; Signor Porazzi, minister of public works; Signor Ferraris, minister of posts.

INSURGENTS ARE GAINING.

Admirals Mello and De Gama are a Strong Combination.

London, Dec. 18.—The Times to-day publishes a dispatch from Rio de Janeiro, dated December 9, via Montevideo, December 15, saying:

"The manifesto of Admiral Da Gama (the insurgent admiral in command at Rio de Janeiro during the absence of Admiral de Mello) has produced excitement and greatly increases the popularity of the revolution.

"A messenger who has returned from Sao Paulo and Santos states that the monarchist element predominates everywhere. The people are prepared to follow the lead of Admiral da Gama.

"Ferdinando Lozo, minister of justice, and the interior, resigned Saturday, in consequence of a divergence of opinion with President Peixoto concerning present events. This shows that the position of President Peixoto is weakening.

"I have seen a copy of two official dispatches sent by the war minister to Rio Grande, who is beginning to use every effort to protect the retreat of Gen. Oscal and to retrieve the great disaster resulting from the defeat of Gen. Isidoro on November 22.

"Several officers, during the past week, have been arrested on suspicion of complicity in the revolution.

"The government has suspended the Rio News, an English newspaper, whose editor is an American.

"During the past week there has been some slight skirmishing in the vicinity of Niotheroy, with small casualties and no result.

"The artillery fire of the forts upon Fort Villegaignon continues daily, without apparent alteration of the situation.

"On Wednesday night I visited Fort Villegaignon in an insurgent launch. When we passed between Cobras Island and Fort Villegaignon the troops lining the shore front opened a heavy rifle fire, and Fort Villegaignon replied briskly, killing and wounding a hundred soldiers.

"I found the fortress to be much damaged. All the buildings are in ruins, and the masonry of the center, towards the mouth of the harbor, is much cut away in cons

WASHINGTON.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON WAYS AND MEANS.

THE WHOLE FREE TRADE ARGUMENT IN A NUTSHELL.

They Are Bound to Insist on a Low Tariff, No Matter at What Cost to the Laboring Masses.

Washington, Dec. 19.—The following is the majority report of the ways and means committee:

The American people after the fullest and most thorough debate ever given by any people to their fiscal policy, have deliberately and rightly decided that the existing tariff is wrong in principle and grievously unjust in operation. They have decided as free men must always decide, that the power of taxation has no lawful or constitutional exercise except for providing revenue for the support of the government. Every departure from this principle is a departure from the fundamental principles of free institutions and inevitably works out a gross inequality in the citizenship of a country. For more than 30 years we have levied the largest part of our federal taxes in violation of this vital truth until we have reached in the existing tariff an extreme and voluminous system of class taxation to which history may be challenged to furnish any parallel.

So many private enterprises have been taken into partnership with the government; so many private interests now share in the rich prerogative of taxing 70,000,000 people, that any attempt to dissolve this illegal union is necessarily encountered by an opposition that rallies behind the intolerance of monopoly, the power of concentrated wealth, the inertia of fixed habits, and the honest errors of a generation of false teaching.

The bill on which the committee has expended much patient and anxious labor is not offered as a complete response to the mandate of the American people. It no more professes to be purged of all protection than to be free of all error in its complex and manifold details. However, we may deny the existence of any legislative pledge or of the right of any Congress to make such pledge, for the continuance of duties that carry with them more or less acknowledged protection we must recognize that great interests do exist whose existence and prosperity it is no part of our reform either to imperil or to curtail.

We believe and we have the warrant of our own past experience for believing, that reduction of duties will not injure but give more abundant life to all our great manufacturing industries however much they may dread the change. In dealing with the tariff question, as with every other long standing abuse that has interwoven itself with our social or industrial system, the legislators must always remember that, in the beginning, temperate reform is safest having in itself the principle of growth.

A glance at the tariff legislation of our own country ought to satisfy every intelligent student that protection has always shown its falsity as a system of economy by its absolute failure to insure healthy and stable prosperity to manufactures. It teaches men to depend on artificial help, on laws taxing their countrymen for prosperity in business, rather than upon their own skill and efforts. It throws business out of its natural channels into artificial channels whence there must always be fluctuation and uncertainty, and it makes a tariff system the football of party politics, and the stability of large business interests the stake of every popular election. None have recognized this truth more fully than the wiser men who from time to time have engaged in the so-called protected industries.

Years ago Mr. Edward Everett stated, in an oration at Lowell, that the sagacious men who founded the manufactures of New England were never friends of a high tariff policy. Hon. Amasa Walker, a former member of this House from Massachusetts, and one of our foremost writers on economic questions, declared it to be within his own personal knowledge that when the proposal was made to impose the protective tariff of 1816, the leading manufacturers of Rhode Island, amongst whom was Mr. Slater, the father of cotton spinning in this country, met at the counting room of one of their number, and after deliberate consultation, came unanimously to the conclusion that they had rather be let alone as their business had grown up naturally and succeeded well, and they felt confident of its continued prosperity, if let alone by the government. They argued that by laying a protective tariff their business would be thrown out of its natural channels and be subjected to fluctuation and uncertainty.

But, as usual, the clamor of selfish and less far-sighted men and the ambition of law-makers to usurp the place of Providence prevailed. The country entered on a protective policy, with the unfailing result that the government help begot a violent demand for more government help.

The moderate tariff of 1816 rapidly grew into the "tariff of abominations" that carried the country to the verge of civil discord and provoked a natural revulsion. Protection has run a like course since 1861. When Congress began to repeal war burdens and to relieve manufacturers of the internal taxes, which they had used to secure compensating duties on like products, there arose a demand throughout the country, without respect to party, for a reduction of the war tariff.

Unable to resist this demand, the protected industries baffled and thwarted any reduction of consequence until 1872, when they defeated a House bill that did make a substantial reduction, by substituting a Senate bill which carried a horizontal cut of 10 per cent. As soon, however, as the election of 1874 gave the next House to the Democratic party, that bill was repealed by the outgoing Republicans and rates restored to what they were before 1872.

And although the demand for tariff reform and for reduction of taxes has ever since been a burden-growing one in theory, the protected industries have exacted and received from every Republican Congress elected since 1874 an increase in their protection, occasionally permitting the repeal or the lessening of a tax that was paid into the treasury in order to keep away from or to increase duties levied for their benefit. Protection left to its natural momentum never stops short of prohibition, and prohibitory walls are always needing to be built higher, or to be patched and strengthened.

A protective tariff never has and never can give stability and satisfaction to its own beneficiaries. Even if its victims are too weak or too scattered to agitate for its decrease, those beneficiaries are sure to unite for an increase.

When the reform tariff of 1846 was before Congress the air was full of prophecies that it would destroy our manufacturing industries, throw labor out of employment, or compel it to work at pauper wages, and dwarf and arrest the prosperous growth of the country. Every representative of four great manufacturing states of New England voted against it with gloomy forebodings of its blighting effect. The rate of duties provided in that tariff was much lower than those of the bill we here refer.

What was the result? Instead of practically killing the industries and pauperizing the labor New England, or the rest of the country, the tariff of 1846 gave immense vigor to manufactures with steady employment and increasing wages to labor. So that after eleven years' experience under it, the longest period of stability we have ever enjoyed under any tariff the representatives of those same states, with practical unanimity, voted for a further reduction of 20 per cent, and by a two-thirds vote sustained the tariff of 1857, which made a reduction of 25 per centum.

And so well contented and prosperous were the manufacturers of that and other sections of the country under the low rate of tariff of 1857 that when the Morrill bill of 1861 took the first backward step there was a general protest against it.

The Hon. Alexander Rice, of Massachusetts, said in the House: "The manufacturer asks no additional protection. He has learned among other things that the greatest evil next to a ruinous competition from foreign sources, is an excessive protection which stimulates a like ruinous and irresponsible competition at home."—Congressional Globe—60 page, 1867.)

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, said: "When Mr. Stanton says the manufacturers are urging and pressing the bill, he says what he must certainly know is not correct; the manufacturers have asked over and over again to be let alone."

Mr. Morrill himself has since said that the tariff of 1861 was not asked for, and but coldly welcomed by manufacturers.—Congressional Globe, 1869-70, page, 3,295.

Senator R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, then chairman of the Senate finance committee, said: "Have any of the manufacturers come here to complain or ask for new duties? Is it not notorious that if we were to leave it to them, the manufacturers of New England themselves, to the manufacturers of hardware, textile fabrics, etc., there would be a large majority against any change? Do we not know that the woolen manufacture dates its revival from the tariff of 1857, which altered the duties on wool?"

The history of American industry shows that during no other period has there been a more healthy and rapid development of our manufacturing industry than during the fifteen years of low tariff from 1846 to 1861, nor a more healthy and harmonious growth.

No chapter in our political experience carries with it a more salutary lesson than this, and none could appeal more strongly to law-makers to establish a just and rational system of public revenues, neither exhausting agriculture by constant bloodletting, nor keeping manufacturers alternating between chills and fevers by artificial pampering.

In this direction alone lies stability, concord of sections and of great industries. We have already said that public discussion may disclose errors of minor detail in the schedules of the bill.

To escape such errors would require so thorough and minute a knowledge of all the divisions, sub-divisions, complex and manifold mazes and involutions of our chemical, textile, metal and other industries, that no committee on Congress, no matter how extended the range of their personal knowledge, or how laborious and painstaking their efforts could ever hope to possess. We have not forgotten that we represent the people who are many, as well as the protected interests, which are the few, and while we have dealt with the latter in no spirit of unfriendliness, we have felt that it was our duty and not their privilege, to make the tariff schedules.

Those who concede the right of beneficiaries to fix their own bounties must necessarily commit to them the framing and wording of laws by which those bounties are secured to them. A committee of Congress thus becomes merely the amanuensis of the protected interests. It has been shown so clearly and so often in the debates of this House that nearly every important schedule of the existing law was made in its very words and figures by representatives of the interests it was framed to protect that it is unnecessary in our report to present the record proof of this fact, but it may not be amiss to cite further evidence to show that this is not only the necessary rule, but the open and avowed method of framing protective tariffs. When the Senate substitute for the bill passed by this House in the Fiftieth Congress which substitute is a real basis of the existing law—was being prepared, Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, appeared before the Senate sub-committee and used this language.

"Instead of coming before your subcommittee for a formal hearing on our Massachusetts industries, I thought the best way was to carefully prepare a table of all the various industries, perhaps some sixty or seventy in all, and ask Brother Aldrich to go over them with me and ascertain what the people wanted in each case and if there were any cases where the committee had not already done exactly what the petitioners desired or had not inflexibly passed upon the question, I could have a hearing before you, but I find in every instance the action of the committee, as Mr. Aldrich thinks it likely to be, is entirely satisfactory to the interests I represent with the exception of one or two, and the papers in regard to these cases I have handed to Mr. Aldrich."

No stronger indictment of the whole protective system could be made than that which is unconsciously carried in these words of a United States senator that laws which impose taxes on the great masses of people must be written in language so technical that the most intelligent citizen cannot fully understand them and that the rates of taxation should be dictated by the selfishness and greed of those who are to receive the taxes.

We have believed that the first step towards a reform of the tariff should be a release of taxes on the materials of industry. There can be no substantial and beneficial reduction upon the necessary clothing and other comforts of the American people, nor any substantial and beneficial enlargement of the field of American labor, so long as we tax materials and processes of production.

Every tax upon the producer falls with increased force on the consumer. Every tax on the producer in this country is a protection to his competitors in all other countries and so narrows his market as to limit the number and lessen the wages of those to whom he can give employment.

Every cheapening in the cost or enlargement of the supply of his raw materials, while primarily inuring to the benefit of the manufacturer himself, passes under free competition immediately, and it may be said that we are not justified in making so large a reduction in revenue at a time when government receipts and expenditures can no longer be balanced, and when some new sources of temporary revenue must be sought for. We have been compelled to retain some articles upon the dutiable list and to leave some duties higher than we desired, because of the present necessity of the treasury; but we have not felt that any temporary shrinkage of revenue should deter us from carrying out as faithfully and as effectually as we could the instructions given by the American people when this Congress was put into power.

Our own experience and that of other countries has shown that decrease of tariff duties immediately operates such an enlargement of commerce, of production and consumption as rapidly to make up any apparent losses of revenue threatened by those reductions.

A most important change in the bill proposed from the present law will be found in the general substitution of ad valorem for specific duties. This must always be the characteristic of the revenue tariff levied upon a large range of articles especially when they include the plain necessaries of life. It is the purpose of the present bill to repeal section 3 of the tariff act of October 1, 1890, commonly, but most erroneously called its reciprocity provision.

That act placed sugar, molasses, coffee, tea and hides on the free list, but authorized the President, should he be satisfied that the government of any country producing such article and imposed duty upon the agricultural or other producers of the United States which he might deem reciprocally unequal and unreasonable, to suspend the provision under which these articles were admitted into this country free. This section has brought no appreciable advantage to American exporters; is not in intention or effect a provision for reciprocity, but for retaliation.

Upon the larger sizes of plate glass where the duties were even higher, we have made a reduction of about one-third. In the iron and steel schedule, beginning with free ore and a duty of 21-2 per cent on pig iron, we have reported a scale of duties considerably below those of the existing law, graduated according to the degree of manufacture, which should bring benefit to the consumer without calling for any halt in the imperial progress of that great industry in our country.

The duty upon steel rails has been put at 25 per centum, which, according to the reports of our department of Labor, quite compensates for all difference in the cost of production in this country and abroad. There seems to be an authentic report that the pool of American railmakers, which, under the shelter of the present duty of $13.44 per ton, has kept up prices to the American consumer far beyond the cost of production and legitimate profits, has been organized to confirm the regulation of their prices above the proper market rates. As all shippers, and especially American shippers, are vitally interested in cheapening the cost of transportation, rates of duty upon steel rails should be adjusted so as to protect them from monopoly prices and monopoly combinations.

Upon tin plate the duty has been gauged with reference to the revenue it will bring into the treasury, and the difference between this duty and that upon the black plate has been lessened, with a view to discourage what may not unjustly be called the bogus industry of making American tin plate by the mere dipping in this country of the imported black plate.

In the sugar schedule, we should have preferred to wipe out at a single legislative stroke a single bounty act. We believe it to be contrary to the spirit of our institutions and can conceive of no circumstances under which we should have advocated or approved its introduction into our laws. We have found it existing, however, as we find it virtually existing in every other schedule of the tariff and dealing with it in this more open and offensive form as we have dealt with all other schedules where large property interests are at stake, we have reported a provision for its repeal by such stages as shall gradually obliterate it from our laws while permitting those who have invested large means under the expectation of its continuance, reasonable time in which they may prepare to take their stand with the other industries of the country.

Duties upon imported tobacco leaf, suitable for cigar wrappers, which were enormously advanced by the act of 1890, have been placed at such figures as, after careful investigation seem adequately to produce most revenues to the Treasury, but this object has alone decided the rates. Their amount is so high, that no domestic producer need claim that there is not abundant protection and to spare for his product in them.

Of the staple agricultural products, including meats and provisions, we are such large exporters and must continue to be such large exporters, that duties upon them are useless for protection and fruitless for revenue, and generally can only be imposed for the purpose of deluding the farmers into the belief that they are receiving some consideration and benefit under the tariff, although the prices of their products are fixed in the world's market in competition with like products produced by the cheapest labor in the world.

For the producers of our great export staples, which, having fully supplied the home market, must overflow and seek larger purchasers elsewhere, the only thing of protective tariff from them, is from one-fourth to one-half the products, for half of which they could exchange their surplus in the open market, should they venture to buy in the market where they are obliged to sell, or compel them to give a like portion of the avails of their labor, when turned into money, by increasing the cost of what they buy in the home market.

Recognizing that the American farmer has been through many years the patient victim of the protective system; that he has been induced to support it under the delusive promise that by lumbering present sacrifices, he was buying for himself a home market, and that this promised home market is farther from him to-day than ever before, we have aimed to secure for him such reduction of burdens as will permit him to enjoy more the fruits of his own hard and faithful labor.

To the farmers of the country we have given untaxed agricultural implements and binding twine and untaxed cotton ties, for the additional reason in the latter case, that cotton is the largest export crop of the country, sold abroad in competition with the cheap labor of India and Egypt, believing that it was sufficient for the private taxgatherer to follow the farmer in the markets of his own country, and not to pursue him into all the markets of the world.

As cotton bagging can be used but once, we have thought it but just to extend the drawback system to such bagging made of jute butts when used upon our exported cotton, a privilege which the exporter of wheat already now enjoys, coupled with the further advantage that the same bags may be used for successive exportations of grain.

In the schedules of spirits, wines and other beverages, the changes made are slight, and with the view to production of increased revenue from those very proper sources of revenue taxation.

The majority report is signed by the Democratic members of the committee. The Republican members will hereafter submit a minority report attacking the Wilson bill and majority report.

EXCITEMENT IN THE HOUSE.

The Sergeant-at-Arms Was Finally Obliged to Restore Order.

Washington, Dec. 19.—The fight over the Hawaiian matter in the House followed fast and furious on the heels of the reading of the message which was delayed on account of the pension debate until 3:30 yesterday. The first skirmish occurred over the question of reading of the instructions to Minister Willis, which was insisted upon by Mr. Boutelle, of Maine.

The House finally agreed to this, and immediately after the conclusion of their reading Mr. Boutelle renewed the assault by bringing forward a resolution declaring the administration policy inconsistent with the spirit of the constitution and the traditions of the government.

Great excitement reigned, and in the confusion Mr. Boutelle failed to follow up his parliamentary advantage and was ruled out of order. The resolution of Mr. Cockran for the appointment of a committee of seven to investigate the alleged invasion by the United States of the last administration also went down under a ruling of objection of Mr. Boutelle. The confusion was so great that the sergeant-at-arms was called in to preserve order. An adjournment was caused by the lack of a quorum on a motion to go into committee.

Mr. Boutelle's resolution was:

"Whereas, The executive communications just read to the House clearly declare that the rights and dignity of the House of Representatives as a coordinate branch of Congress have been invaded by the executive department in furnishing secret instructions to a minister plenipotentiary of the United States to consult with the representatives of a deposed and discredited monarch for the subversion and overthrow of the established republican government to which he was accredited, and to which his public instructions relate, pledged the good faith and sympathy of the President, the government and the people of the United States, therefore,

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this House that any instructions by the executive of the United States, its civil or military representatives without the authority of Congress in the internal affairs of a friendly recognized government to disturb or overthrow it, and to aid or abet the establishment of a monarchy, therefore, is contrary to the policy and traditions of the republic, and the letter and spirit, and cannot be too promptly or emphatically reprobated."

Approved the Election Bill.

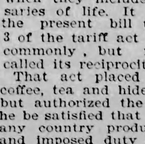
Washington, Dec. 14.—The Senate committee on Privileges and Elections has agreed to report the House bill repealing the federal election laws without amendment.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

The house committee on public lands has reported favorably a bill allowing Montana to select the lands she was granted under the enabling act before they are surveyed, title not to pass until survey is made.

Mr. Holman, the chairman of the caucus, after considerable consultation with Speaker Crisp, Chairmain Wilson, and other house leaders, decided to postpone the call for caucus until the tariff bill was absolutely completed, including internal revenue features.

Land Commissioner Lamoreaux has reported to the secretary of the Interior on the rule served on the Winona & St. Peter Railroad company, in Minnesota to show cause why certain lands erroneously certified under the company's grant should not be restored to the government. The commissioner calls attention to the ruling of the departments that the indemnity lands form no basis for selections under the act of June 3, 1872, and of June 22, 1874. It is held in the report that the company having received more land than it is entitled to, at the date of certification, should be compelled to re-convey the extra land to the United States.



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CLEVELAND'S EX-LAW PARTNER SUCCEEDS VAN ALEN.

He Was a Mugwump and Attorney General Under Garfield—But He Supported Cleveland in 1892.

Washington, Dec. 19.—The President to-day sent the following nominations to the Senate:

Wayne MacVeagh, of Pennsylvania, to be ambassador of the United States to Italy.

John P. Irish, of California, to be naval officer, San Francisco.

John W. Walker, of Pennsylvania, marshal of the United States for the western district of Pennsylvania.

James H. Forney, of Idaho, to be attorney of the United States for the district of Idaho.

Robert B. Armour, postmaster, Memphis, Tenn.

The new ambassador to Italy is an ex-attorney general of the United States and an ex-law partner of the President. He was a Republican attorney in Philadelphia of large practice and mugwump tendencies when he was placed in the cabinet by President Garfield.

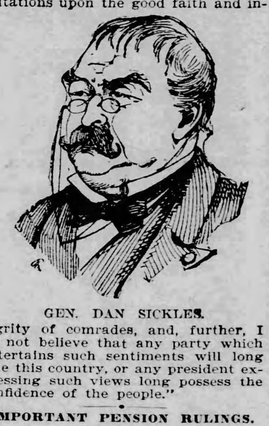
He soon made himself famous by prosecuting the star route frauds, but resigned from the cabinet in 1882 and was succeeded by Benj. H. Brewster, of Philadelphia. When President Cleveland retired from the White House he went into a law partnership with Mr. MacVeagh and several other gentlemen in New York city.

In 1892 Mr. MacVeagh openly supported Mr. Cleveland for the first time presided at a meeting of Democrats in New York city and came out in a long letter stating his reasons for supporting the Democratic ticket. This was generally discussed and criticised by his former Republican associates.

DENOUNCES THE PRESIDENT.

The Veteran General Sickles, of New York, Openly Attacks Him.

Washington, Dec. 18.—(Special.)—General Sickles has just made a ringing speech denouncing the attitude of the President on the pension question and closing by saying: "I repel his imputations upon the good faith and integrity of comrades, and, further, I do not believe that any party which entertains such sentiments will long rule this country, or any president expressing such views long possess the confidence of the people."



GEN. DAN SICKLES.

IMPORTANT PENSION RULINGS.

Assistant Secretary Reynolds Decided Some Cases.

Washington, Dec. 14. — Assistant Secretary of the Interior Reynolds made four important pension rulings yesterday. He decided that the act of Congress prohibiting payment of pensions after July, 1893, to a non-resident of the United States, except for actual service disabilities, applies to widows who are non-resident aliens; that where a soldier dies leaving a legally divorced and minor children over sixteen years old, his mother occupied a pensionable status and can apply for and receive a pension as dependent mother of said soldier, upon making necessary proof; and that where an invalid pensioner dies leaving no increase or rerating claim pending at the bureau, but has accepted the rate of pension then received without demurring, the widow cannot file an original claim for rerating of her dead husband's pension. It is also decided that the commissioner of pensions has no authority to change terms of contract for pension attorneys' fees where the contract with claimant was in accordance with law, nor can he refuse to issue pension to a claimant because allowance is insufficient to pay the fee contracted for. Certificate should issue irrespective of the amount due.

CAN'T ACT ACT AS ATTORNEY.

In Claims Which Were Before Him as an Official.

Washington, Dec. 19.—Assistant Attorney General Hall has rendered a decision holding that after a pension is conferred by Congress on a class of persons the application for pension of every person in that class is a money demand against the government. This decision is rendered in a case referred from the commissioner of pensions to the assistant secretary of the interior and from him to the assistant attorney general.

It is based on an inquiry of ex-Deputy Commissioner of Pensions Lincoln whether he can as an ex-employe be recognized as an attorney in claims which were pending during his incumbency in office in view of section 190 of the revised statutes prohibiting ex-employes from prosecuting any claim against the United States pending while they were in office, for a period of two years after leaving the office. Commissioner Lochren held that the section applied to Mr. Lincoln's case and with this the assistant attorney general concurs.

TO CONSIDER THE TERRITORIES.

What the House Will Do Till the Tariff Bill is Ready.

Washington, Dec. 14.—The Democratic leaders of the House to-day decided to occupy the few days before the tariff debate begins, or so much time as is necessary for the consideration and passage of bills for the admission of the territories of Arizona and New Mexico.

The committee on rules held a meeting and formally prepared a special order to be held in reserve and brought forward should the Republicans inaugurate a filibuster to prevent consideration.

Immediately after the reading of the journal, Mr. Dockery, from the joint commission on expenditures in the executive departments, called up the bill introduced by them a few days ago to improve the methods of accounting in the postoffice department.

Senate Proceedings.

The federal elections bill was placed on the calendar in the Senate. A joint resolution relieving the employes who were injured in the Ford's theater disaster in the district of Columbia from the operation of the law restricting the amount of sick leave with pay that may be granted by heads of departments was reported and passed.

On motion of Mr. Cameron (Rep., Pa.,) it was agreed that when the Senate adjourns to-day it will be until Monday next.

House bill to provide for two additional associate justices of the Supreme court of Oklahoma territory, was reported without amendments, and as amended was passed. A conference with the House was asked for the amendments, and Messrs. Vilas (Wis.), Lindsay (Ky.), and Platt (Conn.) were appointed conferees on the part of the Senate.

To Coin the Seignioage.

Washington, Dec. 14.—(Special.)—Senator Voorhees, chairman of the finance committee, has introduced a bill for the coinage of seignorage in the treasury stock of silver, at the rate of $2,000,000 a month. After this seignorage fund is all coined, monthly silver purchases are to be resumed sufficient to coin $1,000,000 a month.

Declared in Favor of Cobb.

Washington, Dec. 16.—The committee on elections have declared the Alabama case of Wheatley vs. Cobb, unanimously in favor of Cobb, the sitting member.

MANLY PURITY

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COME PROTESTS AGAINST THE WILSON TARIFF BILL.

Workmen Will be Thrown Out of Work and Manufacturers Will be Ruined if the Bill Goes Through.

New York, Dec. 18.—(Special.)—In spite of a pouring rain Music Hall, at Yonkers, N. Y., was packed Sunday night by unemployed workmen of the hatting and carpet industries, who met to protest against the reduction on materials used in these industries by the Wilson tariff bill.

Thomas Mallen presided. The speakers representing the hatting industry stated that the reduction in duty on fur felt hats from 55 to 30 per cent was one of the most unjust and unfair reductions in the whole bill, and would result disastrously to about 25,000 American workmen, 3,000 of whom are employed in Yonkers. Wages of men engaged in this industry would have to be decreased about 40 per cent to compete with foreign manufacturers.

Speakers representing the carpet industry called attention to the previous prosperous condition of the 7,000 employes in the city, now out of employment or working only half time, and said if the Wilson bill went into effect as now drawn up there would be little hope for a change for the better.

Resolutions were adopted favoring the retention of the duty on fur felt hats at 55 per cent, and making the duty on carpets such as would not cripple the industry.

Hat Finishers' Speak.

New York, Dec. 18.—(Special.)—Officers of the Silk and Fur Hat Finishers' Trade association sent to Senator Hill Saturday an earnest protest against that part of the Wilson tariff bill relating to fur felt hats.

"A reduction of duty on manufactured fur felt hats from 55 per cent to 30 per cent," says the protest, would simply mean paralysis of this branch of American industry, would close most of the large fur felt hat manufactories in the country and throw thousands of workmen out of employment."

Thread Workers' Protest.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 18.—(Special.)—A meeting of employes of the Conant Thread company in Pawtucket was held Saturday night, and resolutions on spooled cotton were passed.

A committee was appointed to arrange for a mass meeting next Tuesday evening, and to send a memorial to the Rhode Island delegation in Congress asking them to oppose the bill.

Throws Out Nine Hundred Men.

Philadelphia, Dec. 18.—The employes of the blanket and cloth departments of John and James Dobson's mills at the Falls of Schuylkill have been notified that there would be no more work for them after to-day.

These two branches of the mills will be closed for an indefinite period. This will throw about 900 persons out of employment.

Plough Workers at Wooster.

Wooster, O., Dec. 18.—The Universal Plough Works have given notice that their works will be started January 1 after a three months shut down. Notice of a reduction of 25 per cent in wages was also given to employes.

The moulders held a meeting and decided to refuse to work at the scale offered.

Knitters and Spinners Kick.

Little Falls, N. Y., Dec. 18.—The knitters and spinners at Whiting Brothers' mill struck Saturday morning against a reduction in wages. All the factories in Dolgeville shut down Saturday night indefinitely.

A few of the hands in the piano felt department will be at work for a week or so. More than 1,400 men are now out of employment.

HARRISON IN THE METROPOLIS.

The Ex-President Passes a Very Quiet Sunday There.

New York, Dec. 18.—Ex-President Benjamin Harrison, who arrived in the city on Saturday evening and registered at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, spent Sunday in visiting. He called at the home of his son, Russell Harrison, in the morning, and in the evening called on his nieces, Mrs. Parker, wife of Lieutenant Parker, of the navy, and Mrs. Dimmick, who live in West Thirty-sixth street.

The ex-President will be in the city until Wednesday, when he will go to Philadelphia, and attend a dinner which is to be given to him there. "I am not talking for publication at present," said Mr. Harrison; "certainly not on political or public questions. Should you see any interviews with me you may know they are spurious."

AN AMERICAN MONTE CARLO.

The Atchison Road Tires of Its Hot Springs Elephant.

Las Vegas, N. M., Dec. 19.—It is reported that Waddingham, a Western sporting man, has leased the Montezuma hotel, at the Hot Springs, and that he will make of it a second Monte Carlo. This hotel was built by the Atchison road at great expense for the purpose of giving its patrons a comfortable stopping place on the overland tour to California, but has never been run at a profit as a winter resort. Waddingham tried to secure a lease of a hotel at Glenwood Springs, Col., for this purpose some years ago.

TRIAL TRIP CONCLUDED.

The Cruiser New York is a Great Success.

New York, Dec. 14.—The cruiser New York returned from her final trial trip to-day. An Associated Press reporter and Mr. Walter Cramp, of Cramp's Sons, of Philadelphia, builders of the ship, came ashore in a steam launch. Mr. Cramp said that from all the reports which the board of investigation had made and what he had seen and heard while on board since Monday last, he could safely say that the board was well satisfied, and they pronounced the new cruiser a success.

Bids for Stage Mail Service.

Washington, Dec. 19.—The work of opening bids for performing star and stage mail service in the West during the next four years has been finished at the post office department. The forces employed opened 94,000 bids, and 5,000 awards of contracts were made during the past week. The contracts awarded will be formally announced on February 1, 1894.

Caravels for Red Cross Work.

Washington, Dec. 19.—A bill will soon be introduced into Congress to allow the turning over of the Columbian caravels to Miss Clara Barton, on behalf of the Red Cross society. The boats will be moved from place to place as needed. It has been suggested that the Viking ship can also be turned over to the society for a similar purpose.

OLNEY WILL RESIGN.

A Statement of Cabinet Changes Soon to be Made.

Cincinnati, Dec. 19.—(Special.)—The Enquirer this morning in a special dispatch from Washington positively announces that Attorney General Richard Olney, of Massachusetts, is about to resign from the Cabinet, and that he will be succeeded by Postmaster General Wilson S. Bissell.

ATTORNEY GENERAL OLNEY.

The report further states that either Governor William E. Russell, of Massachusetts, or ex-Assistant Secretary of State Josiah Quincey will take Mr. Bissell's place at the head of the postoffice department.

The reasons assigned for Mr. Olney's resignation are disagreement with the policies of the administration, and dissatisfaction with the political surroundings of his position. The statement is made that the attorney general has never liked his position.

HENNESSEY WAS CAUGHT.

Daring Attempt on the Life of Billy Pinkerton.

San Francisco, Dec. 16.—Billy Pinkerton, the famous detective, had a narrow escape from assassination last night at the hands of a man who has sworn to take his life. Pinkerton arrived here a few days ago on a pleasure trip, and his arrival was chronicled in the newspapers. Last night about 11 o'clock he was sitting in the billiard room of the Palace Hotel, talking to Detectives Pohen and Seymour, of the local police force, when a messenger entered and handed him a note. The purpose of the communication was that the writer wished Pinkerton to meet him in front of the Crocker building, opposite the hotel, as he had something of great importance to tell him. Suspecting a trap, Pinkerton arranged with Pohen and Seymour to follow him and come to his assistance at a given signal. Then Pinkerton walked across the street and as he reached the Crocker building a man stepped out from a shadow and said:

"You are Bill Pinkerton, aren't you?"

As the man spoke the light shone on his face, and Pinkerton recognized him as Jack Hennessy, a notorious train robber, whom he had captured years ago and who had sworn to kill him. Pinkerton realized his peril but did not lose his nerve. He said: "My name is Pinkerton," touched his hat as a signal to the two detectives who by this time had approached, shouted, "Grab him," and threw his arms about the man. A desperate struggle ensued before Hennessy was overpowered. He was handcuffed and taken to the city prison. While walking to Pinkerton, Hennessy kept his right hand in his overcoat pocket, and in that pocket was found a loaded 44 calibre pistol. Speaking of the affair afterward, Pinkerton said: "I am convinced Pohen and Seymour saved my life. Hennessy is a desperate fellow as there is in the country. He is a train robber and has operated all over the Western and Southern states. His last job was in Mississippi some years ago, and he was captured by me after a long chase. He was sentenced to serve a long term in the Mississippi state penal institution, and after his conviction he swore to have my life. He escaped from the penitentiary and there is a standing reward of $1,500 for his recapture."

Pinkerton says he will not claim the reward, but will leave that to Pohen and Seymour, who came to his assistance. Hennessy has many aliases, and the police refuse to give his real name. He will be held here until communication can be had with authorities in Mississippi.

ARRESTING INDIAN MAIDENS.

An Indian Agent May Precipitate a General Indian Rising.

Cheyenne, Wyo., Dec. 19.—Trouble is expected on the Shoshone Reservation from the efforts being made by Captain Ray, the military agent, to suppress immorality and polygamy among the Indians. A few weeks ago he had a number of Indian maidens who visited the post arrested and sent back to their lodges with their heads shaved. This was considered a great indignity among the Shoshones and Arapahoes.

The captain called a number of chiefs before him last week and ordered them to dispense with all their wives. Plenty Bear, the war chief of the Arapahoes, said he was too old to change his habits, and would die before he would obey such an order. Raising his Winchester, he said: "We will both die together."

Ray ordered him arrested, but the police force refused to obey, and Plenty Bear left the meeting angry. Washakie, chief of the Shoshones, is also a polygamist, and his arrest has been ordered. He is guarded by a number of Shoshone braves, who say they will not allow Washakie's arrest. If it he attempted an outbreak of the Indians is certain.

BREAD AND BUTTER TO THEM.

Danbury Hatters Make an Earnest Protest Against the Wilson Bill.

Danbury, Conn., Dec. 15.—The hatters on lockout have prepared the following petition which they will send to their representatives at Washington with all their signatures attached:

We, the undersigned hatters of Danbury, believing that the proposed reduction of duty on fur felt hats at 55 per cent. to 30 per cent. as proposed in the Wilson bill, to be disastrous to the hat industry of Danbury and placing the hatters in this country at a great disadvantage in competing with foreign labor, we therefore pray that your influence will be used to that end, and that no change be made in the present tariff of 55 per cent.

The manufacturers will present a petition to the same end in a more detailed form to the Connecticut representatives. The hatter firm of Judd & Jennings discharged 25 finishers today. A disagreement over a bill of prices entered into some time ago was the cause.

CROWS ARE OUT AGAIN.

Indians in Montana Killing Cattle Wantonly.

St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 15.—A Billings, Mont., special to the Pioneer Press says: The Crows are out again. Nearly all the young men of the tribe belonging to the prior mountain branch, the ones who made the trouble last spring on the newly ceded strip, are massed on the head of Stillwater creek, off their reservation, and killing cattle wantonly. Agent Wyman has refused to make an effort to drive them in, and refers the sheriff to the governor for aid. Sheriff Ramsey has telegraphed Governor Rickards the status of affairs, but has reason to believe that the settlers will take the matter into their own hands, if they have not already done so. The mood of the stockman and settlers is a dangerous one.

RESOLUTIONS AGAINST MORTON.

He is Condemned by the Ohio State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 15.—Ohio state grange Patrons of Husbandry meeting at Sandusky, and the Indiana grange meeting at Sermour, adopted caustic resolutions against Secretary J. Sterling Morton for his attack upon the granges. Indiana recommends withholding all reports until the secretary retracts.

They Favor Free Silver.

Springfield, Ill., Dec. 15.—The state Grange last night passed resolutions favoring free silver; favoring the government purchasing a line of railroad extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and paying for same in legal tender.

Dr. Liebig is Dead.

Baltimore, Dec. 18.—Dr. Gustav Adolph Liebig, the celebrated chemist, died yesterday at his home near Cantonville.

BUFFALO BILL FOR GOVERNOR.

Capt. Cody Wants to Run Next Time.

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 18.—Since the Hon. William F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") has returned to his home in North Platte, he has been banqueting all the people of the neighborhood, and has, in fact, kept open house. It has just been learned that purpose which he has in view is to become a candidate for governor on the Republican ticket next year. The politicians will launch his boom in a short time. As Nebraska has never had a governor from the western part of the state, and as Cody is very popular, his candidacy will be strong and possibly successful.

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Money, Crops, Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The New York bank statement of Saturday shows that financial matters are working in the same direction as indicated in this article one week ago. The decrease in specie fairly reflected the week's gold export movement, which was $1,740,573, nearly all to Bremen. The stock of legal tenders has increased, but the increase in deposits is more than accounted for by the large expansion in loans; an account which has increased more than $10,000,000 in the three last weeks. The plain indication from the statement is that remittances from interior banks have fallen to a minimum.

There was no change in the market for call loans, which remained at 1 to 1 1-2 per cent. Of time money the offerings were generous and from various quarters, including city banks and the agencies of foreign banks, and other local institutions as well as private individuals. The demand has not increased materially, which is quite natural in the present apathetic state of feeling both in Stock Exchange and mercantile circles. Rates were quoted at the close on Saturday at 2 per cent for thirty to sixty days; 3 per cent for ninety days to four months; 3 1-2@4 for six months.

The mercantile reviews of Saturday gave no great encouragement as to the trade of the country, though the agencies are naturally inclined to emphasize all favorable features. The total of clearing-house exchan